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Pat Buchanan and the Menace of Anti-Anti-Semitism

by Murray N. Rothbard

I have it on good authority that Barbara Branden is spending a good portion of her time lately brooding about the "rising menace of anti-Semitism." Poor Barbara; like all Randians, she is perpetually out of sync. There is indeed a menace in this area, Barbara, but it is precisely the opposite: the cruel despotism of Organized Anti-Anti-Semitism. Wielding the fearsome brand of "Anti-Semite" as a powerful weapon, the professional Anti-Anti-Semite is able, in this day and age, to wound and destroy anyone he disagrees with by implanting this label indelibly in the public mind. How can one argue against this claim, always made with hysteria and insufferable self-righteousness? To reply "I am not an anti-Semite" is as feeble and unconvincing as Richard Nixon's famous declaration that "I am not a crook."

So far, Organized Anti-Anti-Semitism has been able to destroy, to drive out of public life, anyone who receives the "anti-Semite" treatment. True, "anti-Semitic" expression is not yet illegal (though it is banned in many Western "democracies," as well as increasingly—as with other "hate speech"—serving as grounds for expulsion, or at the very least compulsory "reeducation," on college campuses). But the receiver of the brand is generally deprived of access to organs of influential opinion, and is marginalized out of the centers of public life. At best, the victim of the brand may be driven to abase himself before his persecu-tors, and, by suitable groveling, apologies, and—most important—the changing of positions of crucial interest to his enemies, he may work his way back into public life—at the expense, of course, of self-emasculation. Or if, by chance, the victim manages to survive the onslaught, he may be induced to exercise due caution and shut up about such issues in the future, which amounts to the same thing. In that way, Organized Anti-Anti-Semitism (OAAS) creates, for itself, a win-win situation.

The real menace is organized Anti-Anti-Semitism.

The major fount of OAAS is the venerable Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith (ADL), the head of what the grand Old Rightist John T. Flynn referred to during World War II as the "Smear Bund." [Flynn was forced to publish himself his expose of the orchestrated smear of

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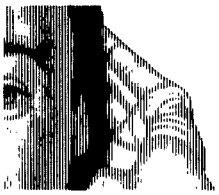

THE EAR

by Sarah Barton

Power struggle in Wichita! George Pearson, billionaire Chuck Koch's long-time right-hand fist, has been shoved aside by a new power, Richie Fink. Richie, former head of Chuck's Center for the Study of Market Processes and Citizens for a Sound Economy, rose to glory as a Koch Oil lobbyist on Capitol Hill, for which occupation he seems to have a natural talent.

Chuck is grateful that Richie handled the "Indian Oil Scandal." The *Washington Post* had printed allegations that the Koch Company was swiping crude oil from impoverished Indians. For a firm with a lot of federal contracts, that could have been a killer.

George—lean, hungry, and dagger in hand—had long been in charge of the cash flowing to Chuck's ideological subsidiaries—CSMP, CSE, Cato, etc. Now Richie is BMOC.

No wonder Ed "Sexual-

(Cont. next page,col. 1)

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(THE EAR cont. from P.1)

Diversity" Crane has had such a hang-dog look lately. In the Kochian snakepit, the Ed-Richie feud has taken on mythic proportions. As Richie rises, "S-D" Eddie sinks.

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Lew Rockwell spoke at the annual Jim Blanchard bash at New Orleans, the original hard-money gathering, where he lived up to his rep as Mr. Anti-Environment. Lew was approached after his talk by a distinguished libertarian (DL), a tall, rangy hunk.

DL: Gee, Lew, that was great. I learned a lot from your talk.

Lew: Thanks, DL.

DL (hesitantly): But Lew, there's something I find really hard to believe, and I hate to bring it up, but Bill Bradford told me something very disturbing about you.

Lew: What was that?

DL: Well, he told me...I mean, I can't really believe this, but he told me that you're...a...a...Christian (gasp)!

Lew: Yes, I am.

DL: Good Lord (DL turns, walks off).

Friend of Lew (a hardcore Protestant): Don't worry, DL. Lew's *not* really a Christian (pause). He's a Catholic.

DL: Aagghh! That's even worse! (*Staggers off into the night.*)

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Over at Cato, Ed Crane and his boys "affectionately" refer to padron Charles Koch as "The Fuehrer." Wink, nudge. Very funny, Ed. I'm sure Chuck will appreciate the "joke." And I'm sure that Richie Fink will make the most of it.

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Shhhh! The news isn't supposed to be out yet, but Ed "Sexual-Diversity" Crane is launching a grass-roots organization to be funded by New York billionaire Dave Koch. Called "Peace and Freedom," the group will battle paleo moral standards—values that "S-D" Eddie recently called "neo-fascist"—and fight for the philosophy of the libertarian left: sex, drugs, and rock 'n roll.

P&F is also intended to be Ed's counterweight within the Kochtopus to Richie Fink's CSE.

* * * * *

Ed Clark, LP presidential candidate in 1980, phoned Ron Paul and urged him to run, and Ron turned him down flat.

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Ron Paul spoke last summer at Jim Peron's nihilo extravaganza, the Future of Freedom Conference in San Francisco. Ron—unlike most of the other speakers—agreed to speak for free. And now Jim has stiffed him on his travel expenses.

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In the September *Liberty*, editor *supremo* Bill Bradford ran a favorable review of the new libertarian natural rights book by philosopher Tibor Machan. But the same issue featured a bitter attack on the book by the mysterious "philosopher," Ethan O. Waters. Part of the admirable diversity Bill prides himself on? Not quite, because Bill's jealously guarded secret is that "Ethan O. Waters" is none other than Bill Bradford himself! Naughty, naughty, Bill!

* * * * *

As the first R predicted, the vaunted "performance team" that won the LP election in 1989 has *now* fallen apart, stimulated by their rapidly declining income and membership. The vultures are squabbling over the ever-smaller carcass of the LP, with the most visible fight over the presidential nomination next year.

On one side: ex-Alaska state rep. Andre Marrou, veep candidate in 1988, on the theory that he Once Actually Won an Election, and that it's His Turn. Andre is backed by LP biggies Michael Emerling, Karl Hess, Jim Lewis, Perry Willis, and crackerjack telemarketer Alexis Thompson.

On the other side: the ABM (Anybody but Marrou) forces, including national chairman Dave Walter, his Gemini twin Don Ernsberger, Bill Bradford of *Liberty* magazine, current vice-chairwoman Mary Gingell who is running for chairwoman next year, and her husband, Bill "Mr. Machiavelli" Evers, who may be bucking for the national director's post under a Gingell regime.

But the ABMs need a presidential candidate, and now they think they've found one in hard-money adviser Mark Skousen, who is anxious, for some odd reason, to run.

Mark is rich, attractive, clever, and well-known in his circle of investors, almost none of whom overlap with LP members and voters. But even though he's not a party member, Mark must be a genetic Libertarian: he enjoys sleeping in other people's houses rather than renting a hotel room.

However, Mark is famously frugal. He is *not* at all likely to pour

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funds into his own campaign. Yet money will be necessary, because he has near-zero name recognition in the LP, not exactly a collection of successful investors.

Bill Bradford is notorious for proposing that *other people* put money and work into projects. The likelihood of Big Bill putting any of his own work or money into the Skousen campaign is zero.

If they can finance his campaign, when his LP handlers get to know Mark they will find that he has a high estimation of his fame. Last year, when he first began to think of running for president on the LP ticket, Mark was sure that, as a well-known and devout Mormon, he would carry Utah, and perhaps the Mormon strongholds of Nevada and Idaho too. Yeah, sure. Oh, and he is also convinced he will win the Nobel Prize in economics.

Pitbull Michael Emerling is already planning to highlight Mark's ideological negatives for the LP faithful. Item: where does Mark stand on the Iraq War? In the past, he was a Reaganite war hawk, defending the U.S. invasions of Panama and Grenada. And now?

Item: As a devout Mormon, Mark is not going to pass muster with the LP Modals. Emerling will ask Mormon-baiting questions such as: does Mark think that blacks have souls? Will blacks get their own planets in Mormon heaven? How does Mark explain his zeal for "united-order socialism"? What does he think about "sexual diversity" and all the other cultural questions so dear to the Modal heart? Where does he stand on feminism, and does he really believe that women exist only to serve and obey men? (Ear especially wants to hear the answer to that one.) And does he favor outlawing liquor, tobacco, Coca-Cola, drugs, abortion?

If the Modals can't stand Christians, wait until they have a close encounter with a Mormon! I can hardly wait.

Ear's fearless prediction: Mark will be whomped. But it may not get that far. Like Gene Burns in 1984, Mark may visit a few tiny, zoo-like LP state conventions—invariable held in the local flophouse—and decide he has better things to do.

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Dick Boddie, who's announced for the Libertarian presidential nomination and will probably be veep on the Marrou ticket, appeared on a Tucson, Arizona, radio talk show recently.

The host started out sympathetic, and for 20 minutes, reports a long-time Arizona LP'er, Dick was on a roll. Then, they opened up the phones and someone called in and said: "Mr. Boddie, I like libertarianism, and I voted several times for the LP, but I can't go along with your ideas about legalizing child pornography." At which point, Dick went after the caller: "You're against kiddie porn? You're for censorship? You *couldn't* have voted Libertarian!" The talk show host then turned and savaged Boddie.

My Arizona friend comments: "Sarah, for more than ten years, I've been trying to figure out why all the people, who agree with libertarian positions 90% of the time, won't vote for us just because they don't agree with the other 10%.

"I finally figured it out," he went on," and Boddie inspired me. It's like there's this guy, Jerry, who makes the best hamburger in town. Outstanding. Lots of great ingredients. But Jerry insists on spreading a thin layer of mud on top.

"If you say, 'I want the hamburger without the mud,' Jerry says, 'No, you've got to take the mud along with the hamburger.'

"Sarah," my flamboyant friend went on, "Americans aren't going to accept child pornogrphy. They're not going to buy the mud, even if it's just 10% of the hamburger." I guess that sums it up.

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"The *RRR* is the most xeroxed newsletter in movement history," smirked an LP stalwart recently. "Nobody wants to send you $49." Of course, being Libertarians, none of them has $49 to send, nor has any qualms about stealing it. So here is a message to these people from our publisher, Burt Blumert: "Read our new copyright notice and remember that our lawyer is *not* a Libertarian."

* * * * *

Last June, the Ear ran what turned out to be her most hated—and talked-about—item: "A top Kochtopus enforcer is rumored to be *very* worried about his immune system."

I was referring, of course, to one person only. But it turns out that 7 different guys thought I meant them! I am, as a result, their least-favorite columnist. Poor Ear!

Why the almost-universal self-fingering? Because the Kochtopus has so many enforcers and wannabees? Ear can't say, but simply offers this advice to anyone anywhere near the Kochtopus: chastity.•

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(ANTI-ANTI... cont. from P.1)

isolationists in his pamphlet, *The Smear Terror.*] Since the end of World War II, the key strategy of the ADL has been to broaden its definition of anti-Semitism to include any robust criticisms of the State of Israel. Indeed, the ADL and the rest of the OAAS has formed itself into a mighty praetorian guard focusing on Israeli interests and Israeli security.

Ever since August 2, Israel and what Pat Buchanan has brilliantly called its extensive "amen corner" in the United States, has been beating the drums for immediate and total destruction of Iraq, for the toppling of Saddam Hussein, for destruction of Iraqi military capacity, and even for a "MacArthur Regency" to occupy Iraq quasi-permanently. Pat Buchanan has distinguished himself, from the beginning, as the most prominent and persistent critic of the war on Iraq, and as the spokesman for a return to Old Right isolationism now that the Cold War against the Soviet Union and international Communism has ended. Hence, it is no accident that the ADL picked the occasion of Buchanan's hard-hitting critiques of the war hawks to unleash its dossier, to issue and widely circulate a press release smearing Buchanan as anti-Semitic, which was then used as a fodder for an extraordinarily extensive press campaign against Buchanan.

The campaign was kicked off by one of OAAS's big guns, the powerful and well-connected Abe Rosenthal, former managing editor of the *New York Times*, who now writes a regular column of such tedium and downright terrible writing that it usually serves as a far better soporific than Sominex. If you can classify Rosenthal ideologically at all, it would probably be "left neo-conservative," one of my least favorite ideological groupings. Rosenthal rose from his usual torpor in his column of September 14 to deliver a hate-filled, hysterical, and vituperative assault on Buchanan, likening him to Auschwitz, no less, the Warsaw ghetto, and "blood libel." Rosenthal winds up with a blasphemous and fascinatingly self-revelatory twist on Jesus's words on the Cross: "Forgive them not, Father, for they know what they did." Compare the contrasting ethics offered to the world by Jesus Christ and by A.M. Rosenthal, and shudder.

In a just society, Rosenthal's rabid tirade would have been laughed out of existence.

Albert Hunt, defending Pat Buchanan on "The Capital Gang," sternly declared that Abe Rosenthal has "forgotten how to be a reporter." This is all the more true when we consider the curious point that what touched off Rosenthal's ire was a statement by Pat on the "McLaughlin Group," which Rosenthal oddly referred to as "The McLaughlin Report." (Whaddat?) The mystery clears when we note that the ADL's press release on Buchanan, issued shortly before the Rosenthal column, makes the self-same error, twice referring to Pat's appearance on the *McLaughlin Report* (sic). Pat's instincts were absolutely sound when, in the marvelous rebuttal in his syndicated column, he referred to Rosenthal's blast as a "contract hit" orchestrated by the ADL.

In a just society, Rosenthal's rabid tirade would have been laughed out of existence. Instead, it touched off a spate of editorials and columns throughout the country, almost all backing Rosenthal, accompanied by calls from ADL and the official Israeli lobby, AIPAC, to newspapers carrying Buchanan's column, urging them to cancel. (Probably the best single compendium of the anti-Buchanan smears and their various nuances is Howard Kurtz's front-page article in the Style Section of the *Washington Post*, Sept. 20, "Pat Buchanan and the Jewish Question.") Clearly, what we are seeing is neither a friendly nor even vigorous debate over issues crucial to the American Republic. What we are witnessing is nothing less than a venomous attempt to suppress dissent, to eliminate Buchanan's fearless and independent voice on the social and political scene.

Examining the attacks on Buchanan by Rosenthal and the others, we find a variant of the old shell game. On the one hand, even Rosenthal feebly concedes that it is theoretically possible to criticize Israel and not be an anti-Semite. Oh? And how does one tell the difference? For Rosenthal it is simple: "Every American ...

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should be alert to smell the difference." So now we have to rely on Rosenthal's ineffable schnozzola! How are we supposed to distinguish one man's sense of smell from another? Some criterion! Interestingly enough, Rosenthal and the rest of the jackal pack carefully omit from their screeds the concession made even by the ADL: that Pat has often been a strong supporter of Israel! No facts, I suppose, can be allowed to get in the way of a successful smear. As a matter of fact, Pat explains the point in his rebuttal column: he confesses to having been an "uncritical apologist" of Israel until 1985; but an accumulation of facts since then, including the Pollard espionage case and the brutality against the Palestinians of the intifada, have led him to change his mind. Changing one's mind, if it is in the wrong direction, can obviously not be tolerated.

The shell game, then, is to say, first, that Pat is not necessarily anti-Semitic because he is critical of Israel, but that Rosenthal's proboscis tells him that Pat is an anti-Semite. Before writing his hate-Buchanan column, Rosenthal says that he consulted none other than Elie Wiesel, the professional Holocaust survivor, who pronounced the magic words: "Although I very rarely use the word 'antisemite'..."[Hah! That'll be the day!], opined Wisel, "I feel there is something in him that is opposed to my people." Well, that's it: Who can quarrel with Wiesel's ineffable "feelings"? Between Wiesel's inner oracle and Rosenthal's nose, no one has much of a chance.

But can Elie Wiesel's mystical insight really be relied upon? After all, this is the selfsame Wiesel who, in the early 1980s, pronounced his feelings to be favorable to none other than the monster Ceausescu. Why? Because of Ceausescu's pro-Israel foreign policy, naturally. Any man who confers his blessings upon one of the most savage butchers of the past half century, is scarcely qualified to hurl anathemas at anyone, much less a Pat Buchanan.

It is significant that all of the hostiles who know Buchanan personally concede that he is a great guy. Thus, take Mona Charen, who worked under Buchanan at the Reagan White House, and who provided the neat *Et tu, Brute?* touch by launching the anti-Semitic canard even before Rosenthal. Charen concedes that "Pat is the sweetest human being on a one-to-one level that you'd ever meet, an incredibly gentle, warm, sweet man." And yet, by launching the assault, the good deed that Pat performed by saving Mona Charen's job at the White House was not allowed to go unpunished.

The shell game on Buchanan is unwittingly illuminated by the neocon Fred Barnes, of the *New Republic*, and a colleague of Buchanan's on the "McLaughlin Group." Asked by Howard Kurtz whether Pat is anti-Semitic, Barnes replies, with seeming judiciousness, that it all depends on one's definition. [Yes, and cabbages can become kings by definition.] "If your definition is someone who is personally bigoted against Jews," says Barnes [but what else is anti-Semitism, Fred?], who "doesn't want them in the country club" [Note the way Barnes trivializes genuine anti-Semitism], "then I don't think Pat is that." By this time we are all trained to look for the explicit or implicit "but." But, adds Barnes, "If your definition is someone who thinks Israel and its supporters are playing a bad role in the world, Pat may qualify." Aha! So Pat is not anti-Semitic personally, is not a "country club anti-Semite," but he is critical of Israel, so he qualifies under that particular shell. In short, criticism of Israel, despite one's personally not being anti-Semitic, at last puts one into the dread category. The Zionist definition maximized! If you can't hook a guy as an anti-Semite under one shell, you get him under the other, as the definitions shift endlessly.

To paraphrase a wonderful comment that Joseph Schumpeter once wrote about left-wing intellectuals and their hatred of capitalism; the verdict of this loaded jury—that Pat is anti-Semitic—is a given, it has already been written in advance. The only thing a successful defense of the charge can accomplish is to change the nature of the indictment.

Putting his two-cents worth into this witches' brew is a pseudo-scholarly article by philosophy professor John K. Roth, apparently an expert on semantics and hate. [John K. Roth, "Sticks, Stones, and Words," L.A. *Times*, Sept. 20]. Amidst the usual invocations of Hitler and Auschwitz, the professor defines anti-Semitism as "the hostility aroused in irrational thinking about "Jews,'" and says it is part of the "same hate-filled family" as "racism" and "sexism" and of "irrational

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thinking" about "blacks or Asians or women." Interesting categories; but why does the professor say not a word about "irrational thinking" and generalizations, and consequent hostility, toward whites, Christians, or men? Are the omissions an accident? Or does he think no such phenomenon exists? If the latter, he is invited to pick up the latest issue of his daily paper, or of the latest scholarly journal.

The only new element added by Professor Roth is ominous indeed. "One need not consciously intend anti-Semitism, racism or sexism to do or say things outside legitimate criticism." Roth then has the gall to quote the New Testament about "You shall know them by their fruits," in defense. Then comes the material about Hitler and Auschwitz. But whether he knows it or not, Professor Roth is really raising the spectre, not of the New Testament, but of the notorious Stalinist concept of "objective" crimes. When Trotsky and other Old Bolsheviks were accused of being "fascist agents," the Stalinists had a fascinating rebuttal to those who complained about the patent absurdity of the charge: that Trotsky and the others were "objectively pro-fascist" because they were undermining Stalin's rule. So—even though by any rational criterion Buchanan may not be anti-Semitic, he can be called "objectively anti-Semitic." Why? Obviously because he opposes many Israeli policies, and we're back again to the shell game.

There also runs through many of the criticisms of the anti-Buchanan pack a black thread of hatred of Christianity—a hatred, we have seen, that Professor Roth managed to omit from his litany. In Rosenthal's infamous article, one of the pieces of "evidence" for Buchanan's anti-Semitism was his frequent attacks on the "de-Christianization" of America, which Rosenthal apparently interprets as a code word for anti-Semitism.

There runs through the anti-Buchanan pack a black thread of hatred of Christianity.

Well, I have news for Mr. Rosenthal. Unlike Rosenthal, most Christians don't walk around thinking only about Jews. De-Christianization" is not a code word for anything; it means what it says: the growing secularization of our society, our culture, and our school systems. Christians who oppose this are anti-secular, not anti-Jewish, and, in fact, most orthodox Jews join in much of this anti-secular and pro-religion position. Why is this a world where such elementary propositions have to be patiently pointed out?

Then there is Leon ("The Weasel") Wieseltier, the favorite theoretician of the *New Republic*. Pat Buchanan was upset when, two years ago, international Jewish groups led a campaign against the convent of Carmelite nuns at the site of Auschwitz. Apparently, they held it to be a desecration for Carmelites to pray for all those murdered at Auschwitz, Catholics as well as Jews. Wieseltier wrote a particularly odious article on the subject, denouncing Catholic defenders of the Carmelites as anti-Semitic, and Buchanan fired back, correctly pointing out that "anti-Catholicism is the anti-Semitism of the intellectual. Let's hope the nuns at Auschwitz are praying for him [Wiesenthal]. He needs it."

The Kurtz smear article now gives The Weasel the chance to get in the last word. "A hater's rhetoric," he opines. Wieseltier goes on to assert that there "can be in a religious Catholic a theological basis for anti-semitic emotion....The roots of some of this man's feelings about the Jews may be theological." Although Wieseltier covers his rear by hastening to add: "though I emphasize that not all religious Catholics are anti-semites." How gracious of The Weasel! I am sure that Catholics everywhere are grateful for his *nihil obstat*.

Meanwhile, the *New Republic* has, predictably, made itself the GHQ of the anti-Buchanan movement among the periodicals. An editorial accused Buchanan of anti-Semitism, because, in the few seconds he could originally deal with the problem on the McLaughlin Group, he mentioned only Jewish names among the pro-war leaders. The *NR* editorial then continues with what it thinks is the clincher: referring to the much smeared Charles Lindbergh, who, in his famous Des Moines speech in August 1941, was "anti-Semitic" because he mentioned Jews as one of three groups that were agitating for the U.S. to enter World War II: the other two being the British and the Roosevelt

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Administration. In other words, Lindbergh was "anti-Semitic" because, in identifying the forces for war, he identified Jews as only one of several groups. In short, you can't win.

The culminating smears—so far—came in the next issue of the *New Republic*, in which Jacob Weisberg ties all the threads together, and adds a vile Freudo psycho-babble twist of his own. [Weisberg, "The Heresies of Pat Buchanan," the *New Republic*, Oct. 22, pp.22-27.] After dragging in 1930s irrelevancies such as Lindbergh and Father Coughlin (the Catholic motif!), Weisberg discusses Buchanan's personal history, as gleaned from his autobiography, *Right From the Beginning*, and concludes that Buchanan is a brute and a proto-fascist because he liked to get into fistfights as a kid. [So much for a large chunk of the male population!] The clincher on Buchanan as brute and proto-Nazi comes with Buchanan's suggested slogan for his abortive Presidential campaign in 1988: "Let the bloodbath begin."

Let us contemplate smear-artist Weisberg for a moment. Is he really that much of a boob that he thought that Buchanan's phrase was serious? Does he really not realize that Pat was delivering a jocular and satiric thrust, aimed precisely at such serioso dunderheads as Weisberg? It is hard to know which is a sadder commentary on current American culture: whether Weisberg was cynically trying to use any smear tactic that came to hand; or whether he is really that much of a humorless Left Puritan blockhead.

Meanwhile, on the Left (or should I say, the Lefter), there is John B. Judis, the resident conservatologist for the Marxist weekly, *In These Times*, who has written a surprisingly favorable biography of Bill Buckley (or come to think of it, as we shall see, maybe not so surprising). Judis, too, admits that Buchanan is not personally anti-Semitic: "Indeed, from the few encounters I've had with Buchanan, he has always struck me as loyal, generous, personable without a trace of snobbery and willing to say what he believes--whatever the consequences." (John B. Judis, "Semitic Divisions En-Gulf Conservatives," *In These Times*, Oct.3-9.) Sounds admirable. But...then comes the knife-job, with vague references to the Old Right, and "Rothschild conspiracy" views with which Judis, in the venerable smear tradition, tars every isolationist of the 1930s [Sorry, John, Buchanan was not even alive in those days, much less sentient]. To Judis, Buchanan's position "represents a kind of Freudian return of the repressed." [Again!] So now we have an unholy combo of Marx and Freud on the attack! In his peroration, Judis commits a real whopper, somehow linking Buchanan to the "pre-Civil War anti-Catholic, anti-Jewish and anti-immigrant Know-Nothings." Since Judis has some pretensions to scholarship, one might guess he would stop and think before linking up this ardent Catholic with historic anti-Catholicism; but, I suppose that time's a-fleetin', and one reaches for whatever smear brush may be around. [Parenthetically, while the Know-Nothings were indeed one of the most odious groups in American history, I would be very surprised to find any anti-Semitic expressions by them. As Protestant pietists, the Know-Nothings were fanatically anti-Catholic, believing that the Pope was the Anti-Christ and every Catholic his conscious, dedicated agent. The only "immigrants" they were concerned about, furthermore, were Catholic immigrants.]

Speaking of Bill Buckley, where does he stand on all this? He is back at his old stand, a kindly but firm monarch doling out positive and negative brownie points, and trying to keep his conservative subjects from squabbling. Revealingly, Buckley is an old and close friend of Rosenthal while scarcely knowing Buchanan. Rosenthal he treats with affection, like a kid with a temper tantrum: always ready for "footloose emotional gyrations" with resulting explosions "that know no conventional limits." Buckley concludes: "I deem his attack on Pat Buchanan to be an example of Rosenthal gone ballistic." By focusing on Rosenthal's hopped-up personality, Buckley manages to avoid the main issues: the orchestrated and concerted attack upon Buchanan.

If Rosenthal is excessively emotional, Buchanan is not anti-Semitic, but of course — let's hear the chorus— "I-N-S-E-N-S-I-T-I-V-E." [The Buckley article is entitled, "Insensitive Maybe; Genocidal, No," L.A. *Times*, September 20.] The stern admonition: "The Buchanans [Who are the other Buchanans?] need to understand the nature of sensibilities in an age that coexisted with Auschwitz." And Mona Charen, in her second time at bat, and trying, perhaps guiltily, to call off the war she launched, still maintains that even if our current

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culture "slides into priggishness" on ethnic comments, our ethnically diverse society requires "a fastidious sensitivity." [Mona Charen, "Accusations...," *Washington Times*, Sept. 27]

But not long ago, America's diverse society was glorious precisely because people were unafraid to be candid, to speak their mind, to engage in ethnic humor. Besides, what happened to Harry Truman's well-known dictum that he who can't stand the political heat should get out of the kitchen? A free and diverse society requires candor and vigorous debate, which is what we had in the United States until Left Puritanism did its work, and we are all required to be silent and mouth the Party Line. Interestingly enough, former *National Review* publisher and long-time Buckley colleague Bill Rusher has a different, and far healthier, view. Although Rusher, like Buckley, takes the ultra war-hawk position on Iraq, Rusher, in his column, gently reproves Buckley's comment on Buchanan and sensitivity, and reminds us that "American politics is a robust game, and it is fair to ask how long commentators on it must continue to tiptoe past the Israeli Embassy." [William Rusher, "...and sensitivity," *Washington Times*, Sept. 27.] How long, indeed?

In contrast to the standard bromides, what this country is suffering from is not "insensitivity" but hyper-sensitivity, what the shrinks in the Neanderthal days used to call "neurasthenia." It strikes me that the most effective cure for hyper-sensitivity, as for phobias in general, is the one proposed by the behavioral-shrinks: desensitization. Repeated exposure to the neurotic stimulus will gradually desensitize the patient so he no longer goes ballistic at the sight of a cat or....at reading articles by the likes of Pat Buchanan.

Anti-Semitism Defined

Organized anti-anti-Semites will get away with their odious calumnies until they are finally forced to define their terms, to set up some rational criteria for this serious charge. It is high time that they be called on this loathsome tactic. So all right, just what is anti-Semitism: if we can get beyond vague and ephemeral "feelings?"

A free and diverse society requires candor and vigorous debate.

It seems to me that there are only two supportable and defensible definitions of anti-Semitism: one, focusing on the subjective mental state of the person, and the other "objectively," on the actions he ndertakes or the policies he advocates.

For the first, the best definition of anti-Semitism is simple and conclusive: a person who hates all Jews. But here Buchanan is clearly vindicated by everyone who has ever met him, since all agree he is not "personally" anti-Semitic, has many Jewish friends, saved the job of Mona Charen, etc. Here I also want to embellish a point: All my life, I have heard anti-anti-Semites sneer at Gentiles who, defending themselves against the charge of anti-Semitism, protest that "some of my best friends are Jews." This phrase is always sneered at, as if easy ridicule is a refutation of the argument. But it seems to me that ridicule is habitually used here, precisely because the argument is conclusive. If some of Mr. X's best friends are indeed Jews, it is absurd and self-contradictory to claim that he is anti-Semitic. And that should be that.

But perhaps it might be contended that X is at heart, down deep, anti-Semitic, and that he duplicitously acquires Jewish friends to cover his tracks. And how, unless we are someone's close friend, or shrink, can we know what lies in a person's heart? Perhaps then the focus should be, not on the subject's state of heart or mind, but on a proposition that can be checked by observers who don't know the man personally. In that case, we should focus on the objective rather than the subjective, that is the person's actions or advocacies. Well, in that case, the only rational definition of an anti-Semite is one who advocates political, legal, economic, or social disabilities to be levied against Jews (or, of course, has participated in imposing them).

Let us then consider Pat Buchanan. Never—and the

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smear articles themselves are effective testimony to this fact — never has Pat Buchanan advocated any such policies, whether they be barring Jews from his country club or placing maximum quotas on Jews in various occupations (both of which have happened in the U.S. in our lifetime), let alone legal measures against Jews. So once again, it is absurd and a vicious calumny to call Pat anti-Semitic. If Pat passes any rational subjective or objective "litmus test" with flying colors, what else is there?

It is high time and past time that the anti-anti-Semitic Smear Bund shut up about Buchanan and, while they're at it, reconsider their other vilifications as well.

But am I not redefining anti-Semitism out of existence? Certainly not. On the subjective definition, by the very nature of the situation, I don't know any such people, and I doubt whether the Smear Bund does either. On the objective definition, where outsiders can have greater knowledge, and setting aside clear-cut anti-Semites of the past, there are in modern America authentic anti-Semites: groups such as the Christian Identity movement, or the Aryan Resistance, or the author of the novel *Turner's Diaries*. But these are marginal groups, you say, of no account and not worrying about? Yes, fella, and that is precisely the point.

It is absurd and a vicious calumny to call Pat anti-Semitic.

Epilogue: A Buchanan Crusade?

Jacob Weisberg ends his egregious screed on a fascinating and possibly revealing note. What is the aim of the anti-Buchanan hysterics? At most, to get newspapers to cancel his column and to get him kicked off the air: to marginalize him out of public life. At the least, if he survives the onslaught, to exert a chilling effect on Pat's well-known honesty and candor. But there is perhaps another aim, for Weisberg ends his piece darkly by mentioning that Buchanan has held "powerful positions in the White House," that his columns and broadcasts "reach tens of millions of people," and that he almost ran for President in 1988. The final note of Weisberg is to register fear and horror at a possible future Buchanan run for the Presidency. He concludes that all the Good Guys in America, "all those who see American society as more inclusive and tolerant than the Catholic Church of Pat Buchanan's childhood," all these Good Guys "are right to tremble at the thought of the crusade he would lead, and the country he would create."

Well, it all depends on one's point of view. As a slogan, I am happy to offer Lew Rockwell's for any future Buchanan run for the Presidency. "Make Them Tremble, Pat!" ●

Stuck in the Sixties

by M.N.R.

I don't know how many people have noticed, but virtually the entire libertarian movement is, one or another, living in a time warp, stuck in the '60s, which for almost all of them was the defining moment of their lives.

The Modals are, of course, visibly stuck in the '60s, the days of their grubby adolescent liberation, the days when they could wallow in the sex, drugs, filth and lack of responsibility of the hippie counterculture. The legion of ex-Randians (and there is considerable overlap in the two categories) are still back in the glory days of the Randian movement, of the NBI tapes and the *Objectivist*, their lives set to the Randian star. Randian exegesis and memorabilia are the stuff of their being: if Edith Efron or Kay Nolte or any other of the top ex-Randians were willing to write fifty-part serials of "My Life with Ayn Rand" we all know that *Liberty* magazine would be eager to publish every jot and tittle. Ludwig von Mises once showed me, with a twinkle, a book in his library, published in East Germany, entitled *Marx-Chronik*, every day in the life of Karl Marx. [It is now available in English.] He commented on the hagiography of a movement that was willing to deify its founder to that absurd extent. Well, don't we know that if the Randians and ex-Randians only had the resources, a *Rand-Chronik* would be their daily breakfast reading?

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Dave Walter and Don Ernsberger are stuck in the '60s, not only as ex-Randians but as ex-YAFers, the defining moment of their lives coming when they helped lead the libertarian wing out of the Young Americans for Freedom in 1969. The Society for Individual Liberty which they then established was, throughout its existence, a continuing exercise in instant nostalgia, a longing for the glory days of 1969 when they were, for the first and last time, Big Shots, makers of history.

And now Walter and Ernsberger are running the Libertarian Party as a YAF-type, mailing list, scam operation, scrambling for dwindling resources to maintain an organization that yields a close-to-zero output.

Look, I am the last one to knock nostalgia and historical memory; they are extremely important. But come on, guys: enough's enough. There's an exciting world out there. Get real! ●

Arts and Movies

by Mr. First Nighter

Metropolitan, directed and written by Whit Stillman.

Social realism, we sometimes forget, does not have to be about the poor, the underclass, or upwardly mobile immigrants. Social realism, even in New York City, can be about the glamorous, wealthy, preppie Upper East Side. In this lovely gem of a movie, this low-budget "sleeper," Whit Stillman, in his first film, brings us a sweet, affectionate, autobiographical valentine about WASP preppie youth in New York. Not since George Roy Hill's wonderful and hilarious *The World of Henry Orient* (1964) has the preppie/deb life been so perceptively and admirably portrayed.

Realistically but affectionately, Stillman shows us a slice of life during Christmas week, when the life of these college freshmen and sophomores is one continuous round of expansive deb parties followed by all-night flirtations and bull-sessions. As one reviewer marvelled: these people speak in whole sentences! Yes indeed, they are articulate, concerned about ideologies, the future of their class (or whether it should have a future!), about their own lives, and the intellectuals among them about literature and culture. All this recalls the days not only of my own youth, but also of all generations of youth until the cultural cataclysm of the late 1960s. But the most heartwarming aspect of this sketch of college youth today is the sweetness and fundamental innocence of these young people. The one girl in the group who sleeps around is known to one and all as "the slut," and it is gloriously as if the various phases of the Sexual Revolution had never happened. The Old Culture still lives! and this fact gives all of us hope for the future of America.

Not, of course, that the Old Culture is or was problem-free. Many of these young people come from broken if upper-class homes, and suffer from paternal-and-step-mother rejection. But they cope with these problems as best they can, with sweetness, determination, and wit. The amiable, earnest, and artless hero, living in relative penury on the declasse West Side (the only spot in the film that looks—realistically—grubby), is a particularly touching case of such rejection.

The hero, by the way, begins this Christmas week as a seemingly dedicated Fourierite socialist, but at the end of the week and the film, agrees with his newfound friend: "Who wants to live on a farm with a bunch of other people, anyway?"

The photography is superb: never has the Upper East Side looked so sparkling and glamorous; the only analogue is those wonderful Art Deco Park Avenue apartments of 1930s movies, replete with 50-foot ballrooms, alluring gowns, seltzer bottles on the sideboard, and Fred and Ginger doing a turn. Here was a New York that served as a beacon and a Mecca for decades of American youth. The 30s effect is enhanced by the camera direction. Stillman writes that a low budget required him to go back to the stationary cameras of that Golden Age, and to do so without the self-conscious preening swoops and zooms of modern cinematography, gimmicks that mainly serve to call attention to the camera itself rather than to the life and the action on the screen. Budget or no, the technique fits extremely well and becomes part of the overall magic of this movie.

If you want to imbibe some hope about the future of American youth and culture, rush to see this film before it disappears amidst the welter of contemporary glitz, grunt and gore. And who knows, one muses on leaving *Metropolitan*, maybe even New York City, that once wonderful Babylon-on-the-Hudson, can one day be brought back to life.

—**M. N. R.**

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Editor's Note:
Joe Sobran received a quick knife thrust in the course of *The New Republic's* libel of Pat Buchanan (see cover story). *TNR* refused to run Joe's eloquent and persuasive response, so we are making it available to *RRR* readers.

— B.S.B., M.N.R., L.H.R..

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To: Mr. Hendrik Hertzberg
Editor, *The New Republic*

From: Joe Sobran

Dear Rick:

I wonder if it struck you as just a little bit curious, when Jacob Weisberg submitted his article quoting me for your October 22 issue, that an alleged anti-Semite would readily accept a phone call from a Jewish writer at *TNR* as an opportunity to spew "anti-Semitism" and "crude sentiments." For the record, I'd like to make it clear what I actually said.

Jacob and I talked for about an hour. He'd called me at home, said he was doing a piece on Pat Buchanan, and asked if I'd answer a few questions. Sure, I said. And what I said over that hour was along these lines:

To understand the Buchanan-Rosenthal uproar, I think you have to step back and see the outlines of the last few decades. Jews, like Catholics before them, are seeing the end of a period in which they've enjoyed high moral prestige.

Richard John Neuhaus, when he was still a Lutheran, foresaw "the Catholic moment," a time when Catholics could take the lead in the "culture forming activities." This seems to me mistaken: the Catholic Moment came and went a long time ago.

Catholics "arrived" as Americans from the Thirties to the Sixties—between Al Smith and Jack Kennedy. They made their mark as citizens, politicians, celebrities, moralists, intellectuals, and whatnot. They helped set the tone of public life in all sorts of ways: think of Notre Dame football, the Legion of Decency, the Knights of Columbus, Bing Crosby, Bishop Sheen, Cardinal Spellman, Joe McCarthy, countless movies featuring crusty-saintly Irish priests. Catholic intellectuals like John Courtney Murray made their debut in secular society. It was rather fashionable to be Catholic: tony converts wrote books like "*The Seven-Storey Mountain*." It was easy to get the feeling that if you weren't Catholic, you were really missing something. The secular world treated Catholicism with great deference. And Catholics had clout.

This was the wave Kennedy rode to the White House. But then it all ended suddenly—and for Catholics, traumatically. Catholicism suffered abrupt deflation and even some rough debunking. Instead of converts' pious autobiographies, the best-sellers were memoirs of angry apostates. The Church lost both political clout and moral glamour in the secular world. Hollywood either ignored or ridiculed Catholicism; Catholic morality and sensibilities simply ceased to count for anything.

For Catholics, this was a painful loss of public respect. We'd been riding high and assuming it would go on forever. But, all the same, Catholics were still accepted as citizens. Their fall from secular grace didn't mean their rights were in question; nobody doubted a Catholic could get elected. Only some of the grander Catholic moral pretensions had been rejected.

At about the same time Catholics saw their prestige and power decline, Jews arrived. Israel's victory in the Six-Day War helped make it acceptable—even fashionable—to be openly and proudly Jewish. "Passing," Anglicizing, converting, etc., were contraindicated. The Holocaust (a new word for most of us) moved to the center of our sense of recent history. "Anti-Semitism" became the deadliest of

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cultural accusations. More movies about Nazis were made in this period than in all of World War II (most films at the time, lest we forget, featured gross Jap-bashing: it was only in retrospect that we decided we'd been fighting for racial justice). Jewish intellectuals, entertainers, politicians all stressed their "ethnicity" (another new word): frank "Jewishness" replaced religious "Judaism" as the ticket to respectability. Yiddish slang entered the language. Jewish sensibilities were accorded special deference, and even became morally defining for gentiles.

The Jewish Moment is winding down now. Maybe it's for no better reason than that moral fashions change like all others. Be that as it may, certain exaggerated Jewish moral claims are being deflated. The Holocaust doesn't seem unique since the revelations about Stalin and Pol Pot. Loose charges of anti-Semitism are arousing resentment. Above all, Israel has become a moral embarrasment; even its defenders find themselves forced to do less boasting and more excusing these days. Pat and I are reacting against a lot of the same things: what we regard as Israeli perfidy to the U.S., the polemical use of the Holocaust against Christianity, and the endless hunt, literal and metaphorical, for Nazis.

But I don't think Jews need to worry about this as much as some of them do. Nobody but a few skinheads is calling their rights in question. They've arrived, and they're entitled not only to full civil and social rights but also to their material success. Jewish power doesn't alarm me. It's legitimate. What I take issue with are certain moral pretensions, the identification of Jewish and Israeli interests with justice itself.

In short, Jews are going through a pretty normal period of adjustment—the bumpy side of assimilation, as I sometimes call it. Protestants and Catholics have both survived having their self-absorption punctured; so will Jews. They'll be less special but more normal.

Now you may or may not agree with all this. I don't expect everyone to see it my way. But I certainly wasn't "venting crude sentiments." If Jacob wants to call my views anti-Semitic, he ought to do me the justice to quote them accurately. Instead he mangled them, put words in my mouth (in one case he presented as my remark about Pat a remark of Whittaker Chambers about Joe McCarthy, which I quoted to him), and did violence to the whole thrust of the conversation. Nothing I said can be fairly paraphrased as "cutting Jews down to size" or "being sick and tired of hearing about the Holocaust." His own comments turn what might have been mere garbled quotations into a smear.

I don't think this was innocent on his part. He phoned me at home, drawing on a fund of good will built up over the past year during our radio discussions, which have been consistently good-natured, though we usually disagree. His manner was ingratiating. He gave no fair warning he was treating Pat or me as the Enemy: on the contrary, he kept stressing that he wanted his piece to be "objective," and not a mere hatchet job. (Having seen his piece of objectivity, I wonder what his idea of a hatchet job would be like.)

I didn't expect him to quote everything I said over the course of an hour. I did trust him, as a matter of common honor, not to distort any point by malicious reduction. It seems he was only fishing for something he could make sound inflammatory with a little creative editing. He didn't express any disagreement or disapproval of anything I said while we talked. He didn't let on to your readers that I'd expressed anything but the crude sentiments he ascribed to me afterward. He laughed in agreement when I said we needed a few rhetorical gradations between "friend of Israel" and "Nazi" (that was what lay behind my suggesting "counter-Semitism or something," by analogy with Peter Steinfels' "counter-intellectuals," to distinguish opposition in controversy from persecution), but "fascistic," "anti-Semitic," "authoritarian," "anti-democratic," and, yes, "pro-Nazi" supply him with all the nuances his intellect seems to require.

What makes his portrayal of Pat so unconvincing is not only that it's a hatchet job—relentlessly incriminating, denying its subject any insight, high purpose, decent motive, or even forgivable human weakness—but that it was predestined by its author's ideological commitments to be no more than that. Jean Renoir was asked why there were no villains in "The Rules of the Game," and his answer is worth

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quoting again: "Everyone has his reasons." That's the reply of a man who is eager to understand people. When Jacob calls Pat "fascistic," it's not even interesting to Buchanan-haters. It fails to explain why conservatives like Pat talk about "limited government," the opposite of fascism, if "fascism" is anything more than a term of abuse. Does Jacob assume that conservatives are so hypocritical that their own rallying cries are insincere? He passes glib judgment on their inner lives without having made any effort to penetrate their self-understanding. I did my best to give him a glimmer. He wasn't interested. His mission was simply to validate stereotypes of the Enemy—one more exercise in liberal complacency. All on behalf of "Jews, blacks, and gays," of course. And who can object to a little petty treachery in the high cause of defending Jews, blacks, and gays against resurgent fascism?

Setting aside the smear tactics, it's just plain irritating to be typecast in this banal melodrama: reactionary Catholics versus those bearers of progressive hope, "Jews, blacks, and gays." (It would complicate the scenario uncomfortably to include Palestinians on the accredited victim roster.) I wonder if Jacob has ever asked himself how Shakespeare managed to write English without such indispensable particles of eloquence as "antiSemitism," "racism," and "homophobia?" These are this generation's counterparts of the previous generation's devil-terms "godless" and "un-American"—also potent topical curses, in their day. Such words are designed to overgeneralize, to conflate all one's personal dislikes into public menaces. It's no use quibbling about what these words mean, when the point is what they do: they're handy for purposes of quick stigmatization, and they dissolve under any effort to define them rationally.

It's not the Holocaust that's tiresome. What's tiresome is a world view that makes a dreadful eccentric like Hitler an ultimate reality, so that people like Jacob divide their time between placing their opponents on the Hitler Continuum and making excuses for whatever Israel has done this week. Pat Buchanan's turns of phrase seem to be much less pardonable than a few thousand rounds of ammunition pumped into a Palestinian crowd. Yes, okay, let's give Jacob his due: a **rock**-throwing crowd. He got very exercised about rock-throwing on the radio the other day. No matter how many boys Yitzhak Shamir ("the old scrapper," Bill Safire affectionately calls him) has gunned down, he'll remain forever immune to the charge of "anti-Semitism." That's the convenience, and the inanity, of the term. "Anti-Palestinian" just doesn't have the same kick. Why discuss Shamir's deeds when we can denounce Buchanan's motives? It has caused no stir here that the Israeli agriculture ministry has threatened to prosecute Jews - for what? For leasing state-owned land to non-Jews. That is to say: it's enforcing what in this country would be called a Jim Crow law. I guess it's not polite to notice such things. Some "democracy."

The very word "anti-Semitism," as it's now used, incorporates Jewish self-absorption. It has no reciprocal term: you won't get far with "anti-gentilism." It's ethnocentric: it implies by its very asymmetry that the sins of Jews don't count or matter the way sins against Jews do. Lionel Trilling called this frame of mind "the social introversion of the Jewish community." The purest expression of it was Meyer Lansky's: when Israel made an exception to the right of "Return" just for him, he sighed, "When you're a Jew, the whole world's against you." That's really raising victimhood to an art form. Jacob's not doing badly at it himself, wringing a little victimhood from a long, friendly chat. But any crudeness was his own: it lay not in what I said, but in the tone deaf way he coarsened it. He exemplifies the sort of group chauvinisms which I was discussing, which I presume is the reason he didn't have the honesty or courage to quote what I really said.

Yours truly,

Joe Sobran

cc: To whom it may concern

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An Anti-Environmentalist Manifesto

by Llewellyn H. Rockwell

The New Socialism

The last Stalinist, Alexander Cockburn, has gone from attacking Gorbachev (for selling out Brezhnev) to defending Mother Earth. His new book, *The Fate of the Forests*, is both statist and pantheist.

Cockburn, a man who supposedly cares about peasants and workers, instead decries their cutting down the Brazilian rainforests to farm and ranch. People are supposed to live in indentured mildewtude so no tree is touched.

But Cockburn is part of a trend. All over Europe and the U.S., Marxists are joining the environmental movement. And no wonder: environmentalism is also a coercive utopianism—one as impossible to achieve as socialism, and just as destructive in the attempt.

A century ago, socialism had won. Marx might be dead, and Lenin still a frustrated scribbler, but their doctrine was victorious, for it controlled something more important than governments: it held the moral high ground.

Socialism was, they said, the brotherhood of man in economic form. Thus was the way smoothed to the gulag.

Today we face an ideology every bit as pitiless and messianic as Marxism. And like socialism a hundred years ago, it holds the moral high ground. Not as the brotherhood of man, since we live in post-Christian times, but as the brotherhood of bugs. Like socialism, environmentalism combines an atheistic religion with virulent statism. But it ups the ante. Marxism at least professed a concern with human beings; environmentalism harks back to a godless, manless, and mindless Garden of Eden.

If these people were merely wacky cultists, who bought acres of wilderness and lived on it as primitives, we would not be threatened. But they seek to use the state, and even a world state, to achieve their vision.

And like Marx and Lenin, they are heirs to Jean Jacques Rousseau. His paeans to statism, egalitarianism, and totalitarian democracy have shaped the Left for 200 years, and as a nature worshipper and exalter of the primitive, he was also the father of environmentalism.

During the Reign of Terror, Rousseauians constituted what Isabel Paterson called "humanitarians with the guillotine." We face something worse: plantitarians with the pistol.

Environmentalism is an ideology every bit as pitiless and messianic as Marxism.

The Old Religion

Feminist-theologian Merlin Stone, author of *When God Was a Woman*, exults: "the Goddess is back!"The "voice of Gaia is heard once again" through a revived "faith in Nature."

Gaia was an earth goddess worshipped by the ancient Greeks and James Lovelock, a British scientist, revived the name in the mid-1970s for "the earth as a living organism" and self-regulating "biosphere."

There is no Bible or "set theology" for Gaia worship, says the Rev. Stone, now making a national tour of Unitarian churches. You can "know Her simply by taking a walk in the woods or wandering on the beach." All of Nature forms Her scriptures. "Industrial civilization is acne on the face of Gaia," says Stone, and it's time to get out the Stridex.

Ancient pagans saw gods in the wilderness, animals, and the state. Modern environmentalism shares that belief, and adds—courtesy of a New Age-Hindu-California influence—a hatred of man and the Western religious tradition that places him at the center of creation.

Environmentalism also has roots in deism—the practical atheism of the Enlightenment—which denied the Incarnation and made obeisance to nature.

Early environmentalist John Burroughs wrote: we use the word "Nature very much as our fathers used the word God." It is in

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Nature's lap that "the universe is held and nourished."

The natural order is superior to mankind, wrote ecologist John Muir more than a century ago, because Nature is "unfallen and undepraved" and man always and everywhere "a blighting touch." Therefore, said the human-hating Muir, alligators and other predators should be "blessed now and then with a mouthful of terror-stricken man by way of a dainty."

Christianity, adds ecologist Lynn White, Jr., "bears an immense burden of guilt" for violating nature. It brought evil into the world by giving birth to capitalism and the Industrial Revolution.

Since we must think of nature as God, says William McKibben, author of the best selling *End of Nature*, every "man-made phenomenon" is evil. We must keep the earth as "Nature intended." To punish man's desecration, ecologist Edward Abbey urged anti-human terrorism in his influential novel, *The Monkey-Wrench Gang*. And the fastest-growing group in the Gaia liberation movement, EarthFirst!, uses a monkey wrench for its symbol.

I reject the Gaia liberation movement.

Founded by David Foreman, former head lobbyist for the Wilderness Society, EarthFirst! engages in "eco-defense" and "ecotage," from spiking trees (which maims loggers) to vandalizing road-building machinery to wrecking rural airstrips. One of its goals is cutting the world's population by 90%, and it has even hailed AIDS as a help. Foreman is in prison awaiting trial for trying to blow up the pylons that carry high-power wires (using, I'm sure, environmentally safe bombs), but his example is powerful, even among the alleged non-radicals. One of the mainstream environmentalists, David Brower—former head of the Sierra Club and founder of Friends of the Earth—urged that land developers be shot with tranquilizer guns. He agrees with McKibben: human suffering is much less important than the "suffering of the planet."

We must be "humbler" towards nature and use technology like "bicycle-powered pumps," says McKibben—who lives on an expensive Adirondack farm. But he wants the rest of us "crammed into a few huge cities like so many ants" because "it's best for the planet. "We shouldn't even have children, for "independent, eternal, ever-sweet Nature" must be disturbed as little as possible.

McKibben does admit to one sin: he owns a 1981 Honda. But a man who lives a properly ascetic life is "Ponderosa Pine."

A life-long leftist, Pine—whose real name is Keith Lampe—was an apparatchik of the black-power Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee (which didn't have many students or much non-violence) and a founder of the Yippie Party. He rioted at the 1968 Democratic Convention and has been arrested nine times for civil disobedience.

Converted by Allan Ginsberg to environmentalism. Pine split with his wife and twin sons. She had complained about his "Tibetan vocal energy science"—a continuous, hour-long, top-of-the-lungs shout each morning as an act of "communion with Mother Earth."

With his civil disobedience campaign against logging, and environmental news service, newspaper columns, and newsletter (he refers to paper, in other contexts, as "dead tree flesh"), Pine has been extremely influential, though there is some dissent about his demand that we go barefoot to be in "more intimate touch with the earth." David Brower goes further, denouncing the Pinian nom de terre; did he, Brower asks angrily, have "permission from the Ponderosa Pines to use their name"?

But even Brower agrees with the knotty Pine's crusade to collectivize the U.S., return us to a primitive standard of living, and use the Department of Defense to do it. "I want to change the military's whole focus to environmentalism," says Pine.

In the meantime, however, it is possible to do something good for the earth as your last act. A recent issue of *EarthFirst! Journal*, notes *Washington Times* columnist John Elvin, had some advice for the lifelorn. "Are you terminally ill with a wasting disease?" asks the journal. "Don't go out with a whimper; go out with a bang! Undertake an eco-kamikaze mission."

"The possibilities for terminally ill warriors are limitless. Dams from the Columbia and the

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Colorado to the Connecticut are crying to be blown to smithereens, as are industrial polluters, the headquarters of oil-spilling corporations, fur warehouses, paper mills...."

"To those feeling suicidal, this may be the answer to your dreams.... Don't jump off a bridge, blow up a bridge. Who says you can't take it with you?"

Nature Without Illusions

Ron James, an English Green leader, says the proper level of economic development is that "between the fall of Rome and the rise of Charlemagne. "The "only way to live in harmony with Nature is by living at a subsistence level," as the animals do.

The normal attitude for most of human history was expressed by the Pilgrims, who feared a "hideous and desolate wilderness, full of wild beasts and wild men." Only a free society, which has tamed nature over many generations, enables us to have a different view.

"To us who live beneath a temperate sky and in the age of Henry Ford," wrote Aldous Huxley, "the worship of Nature comes almost naturally." But "an enemy with whom one is still at war, an unconquered, unconquerable, ceaselessly active enemy"—"one respects him, perhaps; one has a salutary fear of him; and one goes on fighting. " Added Albert J. Nock, "I can see nature only as an enemy: a highly respected enemy, but an enemy."

Few of us could survive in the wilderness of, say, Yellowstone Park for any length of time (even though the environmentalists let it burn down because fire is natural). Nature is not friendly to man; it must be tempered.

Environmental Hysteria

Because they know that the vast majority of Americans would reject their real agenda, the environmentalists use lies, exaggerations, and pseudo-science to create public hysteria.

EXXON The environmental movement is cheering the criminal indictment of the Exxon Corporation for the Alaska oil spill, with the possibility of more than $700 million in fines. The one shortcoming, say the Sierra Club and the Natural Resources Defense Council, is that Exxon executives won't be sent to prison.

Nature is not friendly to man; it must be tempered.

Exxon cannot be allowed to get away with an "environmental crime" which despoiled the "pristine wilderness of Alaska," says Attorney General Richard Thornburgh. But the legal doctrine underlying this indictment is inconsistent with a free society, notes Murray N. Rothbard.

Under feudalism, the master was held responsible for all acts of his servants, intended or not. During the Renaissance with growing capitalism and freedom, the doctrine changed so there was no "vicarious liability." Employers were correctly seen as legally responsible only for those actions they directed their employees to take, not when their employees disobeyed them. But today, we are back in feudal times, plus deeper-pocket jurisprudence, as employers are held responsible for all acts of their employees, even when the employees break company rules and disobey specific order—by getting drunk on duty, for example. From all the hysteria, and the criminal indictment, one might think Exxon had deliberately spilled the oil, rather than being the victim of an accident that has already cost its stockholders $2 billion. Who is supposedly the casualty in the Justice Department's "criminal" act? Oiled sand? In fact, Exxon is the biggest victim. Through employee negligence the company has lost $5 million worth of oil, a supertanker, and compensation to fishermen, or the cost of the clean up. The total bill could be $3 billion.

Yet every night on television, we were treated to maudlin coverage of oily water and blackened seagulls, and denunciations of Exxon and oil production in "environmentally sensitive" Alaska. Though why it is more sensitive than, say, New Jersey, we are never told. In fact, environmentalists love Alaska because there are so few people there. It represents their ideal.

Despite all the hysteria, oil is—if I may use the environmen-

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talists' own lingo—natural, organic, and biodegradable. As in previous oil spills, it all went away, and the birds, plants, and fish replenished themselves.

The Exxon oil spill was hardly the "equivalent of Hiroshima," as one crazed Alaska judge said. And who knows? Oil might be good for some wildlife. This year, the salmon catch is almost 50% bigger than any time in the past.

Despite all the hysteria, oil is -- if I may use the environmentalists' own lingo -- natural, organic, and biodegradable.

WETLANDS One of the great engineering achievements of the ancient world was draining the Pontine Marshes, which enabled the city of Rome to expand. But no such project could be undertaken today; that vast swamp would be protected as wetlands.

When John Pozsgai—an emigrant from communist Hungary—tried to improve some property, he found this out. After buying a former junkyard and clearing away the thousands of tires that littered it, Pozsgai put clean topsoil on his lot in Morrisville, PA. For this, the 57-year-old mechanic was sentenced to three years in prison and $200,000 in fines. His property was classified as wetlands by the federal government.

After ordering a bureaucrat to "get the Hell off my property," Pozsgai was arrested, handcuffed, and jailed on $10,000 bail. Quickly tried and convicted, Pozsgai's brutal sentence will—said the prosecutor—"send a message to the private landowners, corporations, and developers of this country about President Bush's wetlands policy."

John Pozsgai has a different view: "I thought this was a free country," he told *The Washington Post*.

RUBBISH Urban Archeologist William L. Rathje of the University of Arizona says there have always been garbage disposal problems. The difference is that today we have safe and efficient methods to deal with them, if the environmentalists would let us. They warn of a country covered by garbage, but in fact Americans generate less than Mexico City today or America 100 years ago. And 62%less than the environmentalists claim.

Most landfills will be full in ten years or less, the environmentalists warn, and that's true. But most landfills are only designed to last ten years. The problem is not that they are filling up, but that businessmen are not allowed to create new ones, thanks to lobbying by the environmental movement.

The environmentalists complain most about disposable diapers and fast-food containers, revealing their anti-family and pro-elite biases. But Rathje discovered that fast-food containers and disposable diapers take up only 1.1%, with all plastics totalling less than 5%. The real culprit is paper—especially telephone books and newspapers.

We're ordered to save our newspapers for recycling, so the market is flooded with newsprint. In New Jersey, this drove the price of used newspapers from $40 a ton to minus $25. Collectors once bought old newspapers. Now people must pay someone to take them away.

Sometimes it makes economic sense to recycle. Sometimes it doesn't. But bureaucrats, acting at the behest of environmentalists, want us to recycle as a sacrament of the earth religion. Yet it is only through a free price system, as Ludwig von Mises demonstrated 70 years ago, that we can know the value of goods and services. We must privatize the entire garbage system. Only then can we know if it is economically efficient to recycle.

MCDONALDS I've always admired McDonald's. It put restaurant dining within the reach of the average American, and made cross-country travel less of a culinary roulette. But these days, the gold on those arches is looking a little bit green.

For 15 years, McDonald's put its hamburgers in styrofoam boxes, and no wonder. The containers kept the food hot, clean, and dry, and the foam even absorbed grease.

Styrofoam was a wonderful invention, as anyone who's ever held a paper cup of hot coffee can testify. Light, strong, cheap, and insulating, styrofoam was a consumer godsend. So naturally, the environmentalists—whose declared enemy is the consumer

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society—despised it.

The Environmental Defense fund persuaded McDonald's to ban styrofoam as "bad for the environment." By this, they do not mean the customers' environment, since paper leaves a hamburger cold and soggy much more quickly than styrofoam.

The environmentalists say that styrofoam doesn't biodegrade. But so what? Rocks don't biodegrade either. Why should we mind styrofoam buried under our feet as versus rocks? Because styrofoam is man-made, and therefore evil, whereas rocks are natural, and therefore good.

Non-ecological factors may be at work, however. Edward H. Rensi, president of McDonald's U.S.A., said the company can "switch to paper and save money." And if the customers don't like it? What are you, a spotted owl murderer?

But McDonald's may not be getting off so easily. The Audubon Society criticizes the deal, saying that "a lot more paper means a lot more pollution."

I guess the environmentalists won't be satisfied until McDonald's slaps the burger directly onto our outstretched hand. If it is a burger. An agreement with the animal rights movement may be next. Anyone for a McTofu?

And Portland, Oregon—in a move that other cities are studying—has hired ex-New York bureaucrat Lee Barrett as a "styrofoam cop." Since January 1990, no restaurant or other retail food seller in Portland has been able to use products made of the wonderful insulating foam. It is Barrett's job to swoop down on businesses to make sure they are not styro-criminals. If they are, he can levy $250 fines for the dread offense—with $500 for hardened offenders.

ALAR Just before the publication of a National Research Council study extolling fresh fruits and vegetables (why do government scientists get paid to repeat what our mothers told us?), and pooh-poohing the trivial pesticide residues on them, the environmentalists arranged an ambush.

The environmentalists say that styrofoam doesn't biodegrade. But so what?

A PR man for the Natural Resources Defense Council was featured on *60 Minutes*, points out syndicated columnist Warren Brookes, and Ed Bradley denounced Alar as the "most potent carcinogen in our food supply." This was disinformation.

Alar—used safely since 1963—helps ripen apples, keeps them crisper, and retards spoilage. Using an EPA-mandated dosage 22,000 the maximum intake of even an apple-crazy human, one rat out of the thousands tested developed a tumor. This was the extent of the "scientific proof" used not only to harm the manufacturer, Uniroyal, which had to pull Alar off the market, but the entire U.S. apple industry.

A saner voice—Dr. Sanford Miller, dean of the medical school at the University of Texas at San Antonio—noted that "the risk of pesticide residues to consumers is effectively zero." But apple sales dropped, and apple growers lost more than $250 million, with many driven into bankruptcy.

Says Dr. Miller: 99.9% of the pesticide carcinogens now eaten by humans are natural. And as man-made pesticides and fungicides are banned, we are endangered. "Fungi produce the most potent carcinogens in nature."

RATS The attack on Alar was based on rodent testing. And many other helpful products have been forced off the market, and companies and consumers harmed, through such panics. And now it turns out, as many of us have long thought, that such tests are defective.

Two recent articles in the journal *Science*—by Dr. Bruce Ames of the University of California, Berkeley, and Dr. Samuel Cohen of the University of Nebraska Medical College—have shown that it is the massive dose itself, no matter what the substance, that causes tumors.

The hyper dosages, explain these scientists, kill cells in the test animals, which their bodies then replace. The more this takes place over the animal's lifetime, the greater the chance of a cell mutation leading to cancer.

As with Alar, take thousands of rats and fill them full of a chemical for their whole lives,

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and it can be no surprise when one develops a tumor. This shows us that no one should try to live on Alar, but it tells us nothing about an infinitesimal residue, so small as to be barely measurable, of this helpful chemical.

GREENHOUSE On the first Earth Day in 1970, environmentalists warned that we faced a new ice age unless the government took immediate and massive action. Today, using much of the same data, they claim we are endangered by global warming. These are the same climatologists who can't tell us whether it will rain next Friday, but who are certain that the earth's temperature will be x degrees celsius higher in 2,011 than today. Increased levels of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere will melt the polar icecaps and coastal areas will flood, we're told. As temperatures increase, Dallas will become a desert and Baked Alaska more than a dessert.

The proposed solution to this "Greenhouse Effect" is, surprise!, more government spending and control, and lower human standards of living. President Bush's new budget has $375 million for greenhouse research.

Yet the "net rise in world surface temperature during the last century is about one degree Fahrenheit," nearly all of it before 1940, notes syndicated columnist Alton Chase. "And the northern oceans have actually been getting cooler. The much-vaunted 'global warming' figures are concocted by averaging equatorial warming with north temperate cooling."

And a recently concluded 10-year satellite weather study by two NASA scientists at the Huntsville Space Center and the University of Alabama found zero warming.

There is no evidence of global warming, and even if it were to take place, many scientists say the effect would be good: it would lengthen growing seasons, make the earth more liveable, and forestall any future ice age.

There is no evidence of global warming.

CLEAN AIR ACT Bush's Clean Air Act, signed into law in October 1990, gives the EPA dictatorial power over every American business whose products might be harmful if burned. Since almost everything is toxic if burned, this is the establishment of Green central planning.

The bill also subsidizes ethanol, methanol, and compressed natural gas, and orders manufacturers to produce expensive cars that run on them.

Ethanol, a corn-based fuel beloved of Sen. Bob Dole (R-IRS) and his Trilateralist ethanol-producing mentor, Dwayne Andreas of Archer-Daniels-Midland, gives off other forms of pollution, and is much more expensive than gasoline. (Note: this provision, by artificially increasing this demand for corn, will also raise food prices by about $10 billion.)

Methanol is a highly corrosive fuel that destroys the normal automotive engine, requiring super-expensive alternatives. It costs more than gasoline, is only half as efficient, and is so toxic as to make gasoline seem almost benign in comparison.

Compressed natural gas requires massive steel tanks. A container holding the energy equivalent of a normal gasoline tank is much bigger and weighs 30 times as much, lowering mileage and wiping out most trunk space. And even a minimal number of refueling stations will cost $15 billion.

The Clean Air Act also has higher CAFE standards (fleet-wide economy regulations) that will have the effect of mandating lighter and therefore more dangerous automobiles.

The bill also places new and heavy regulations on hundreds of thousands of small businesses, in the OSHA tradition. OSHA is the quintessential Establishment regulatory agency, since the Exxons of the world can easily handle its depredations, while small businesses cannot. It has been a tremendous relative benefit to big business, and a barrier to entrepreneurs and small firms.

The new Clean Air Act replicates this, in spades. Any business using one of 200 common chemicals will have to undergo a lengthy and expensive licensing process. This includes your corner dry cleaner and print shop. And if the owner violates any regulations, knowingly or unknowingly, he will be subjected to heavy civil and even criminal penalties.

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If a business gets new equipment, it will need a new permit—another bar to innovation for small companies. And if a factory changes its production method, it too will need a new permit. Again, this is no problem for Dow Chemical, only for Dow's would-be competitors.

As bad as all these provisions are, the most serious and expensive aspects of the Clean Air Act involve "acid rain" and the ozone layer.

ACID RAIN Environmentalists are adept at PR, and the very name acid rain conjures up images of drops eating through your umbrella and dissolving your hair. In fact, it means only that litmus paper turns a different color.

The environmentalists tell us that America's streams, rivers, and lakes are becoming dangerously acidic, and that the villain is coal burning by utility companies. However, the government's own ten-year, $600 million National Acidic Precipitation Assessment Project—which the EPA is seeking to censor—found that acid rain is a non-problem.

Virtually all of the few acidic lakes have been that way since before the Industrial Revolution, thanks to water running through topsoil heavy with decaying vegetation. This is also why the naturalist Alexander von Humboldt found the giant Rio Negro river system in South America acidic and fishless two hundred years ago.

Ironically, the fish in some Adirondack lakes—where there has been the most publicity—are affected by reforestation. Cutting down trees in the early part of the century led to less acidic soil, and a more neutral pH in the water, and artificially stocked fish thrived. Replanting over the last few decades has meant more acid.

The exploding refrigerator: it seems a perfect symbol of the environmental movement.

OZONE The other major focus of the Clean Air Act is the alleged deterioration of the ozone layer. We're told that we need a robust layer of ozone to prevent too much ultra-violet B radiation. But this is another non-problem. Since 1974, when we began measuring the UVB radiation level, it has declined 10%. Less is getting through, despite alleged anti-ozone chemicals.

Ozone is created by the action of sunshine on oxygen, so it should be no surprise that over the South Pole in the winter, when there is little sunshine, the ozone layer might thin, or even develop a temporary hole. This has happened, it is the only place it has happened, and it was first recorded in the middle 1950s, long before the alleged chemical villains were in significant use.

Ozone is harmed, we're told, by chlorofluorocarbons, the wonder chemicals used in air conditioners, refrigerators, and spray cans, and which are essential to the computer industry as well. Stable and non-toxic, CFCs cannot catch fire, and they are tremendously energy efficient. Yet the Clean Air Act will heavily tax, and eventually ban, all CFCs and related chemicals.

The planned substitutes are not only poisonous and energy inefficient, they can catch fire and even explode. The exploding refrigerator: it seems a perfect symbol of what the Clean Air Act, and the entire environmental movement, will inflict on us for the sake of the mythical Mother Nature.

But ozone is good, we're told, only in the upper atmosphere. To cut down on its incidence at street level in Los Angeles, the entire country will be fastened with additional anti-automotive and anti-industrial controls, with more bad economic effects.

A GREEN GNP? The environmentalists feel they have a PR problem. Since their explicit agenda is to make us consume less, that is, to be poorer, they worry that this may not be popular. So they have a solution: the Green GNP.

GNP—gross national product—is already a deficient statistic. For example, as government spending grows, so does the GNP, even though government growth subtracts from real wealth. Nevertheless, as the statistical avatar of

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American business activity, the GNP has tremendous political significance.

To hide the fact that their legislation and regulation makes us poorer, the environmentalists want "environmental quality" incorporated into GNP. The Environmental Protection Agency and similar bureaucracies in Western Europe are funding research to make this possible.

The federal government already owns more than 40% of the United States. Say, under environmentalist pressure, another billion acres is taken out of production to save an endangered weed. Green accounting will claim that our environmental quality has been improved by x billion dollars, and add this to the GNP. Already, the GNP figures disguise how poor we're getting along thanks to government intervention in the economy. A Green GNP will take us even further from reality.

SPOTTED OWLS When I visited a logging area in northern California, I found no environmentalists. As the Sierra Club's own studies demonstrate, environmentalists are upper-class types who live in places like Manhattan and Malibu, not in the woods. Those who do have no illusions about the Earth Goddess Gaia.

Loggers know that mankind's very existence depends on bending nature to our will, and that if we ever stop doing so, the jungle will reclaim our cities.

The livelihood of 30,000 working families in the Northwest will be destroyed by Bush administration-approved anti-logging regulations on millions of acres, so spotted owls can continue to live in the style to which they have become accustomed. If you think that wiping out 15 human families per owl seems excessive, it just shows how unenlightened you are. (Note: if the spotted owl really is "endangered," and environmentalists want to save it, they should buy some land and set up an owl sanctuary. But using their own money somehow never occurs to them.)

The environmentalists privately admit, however, that the owl is not their major concern, which is outlawing all "old-growth" logging, a controversy which cuts to the heart of the environmentalist movement (unfortunately not with an ax).

Old-growth trees are precious because they were not planted by man, the Great Satan of the enviro-druidic religion. Pollution questions, although they make use of them, are irrelevant to these people. Old trees produce much less oxygen than new trees, so according to the "rain-forest criterion," we should harvest all old trees and plant new ones. I don't notice anyone recommending that, however.

To drive through far northern California is to be reminded of the aptness of Ronald Reagan's "if you've seen one tree, you've seen them all" remark. The monotony is broken only by the occasional town, an oasis of civilization in a green desert. Yet the environmentalists would turn these into ghost cities. As one affluent environmentalist told me, "those people have no business living there." Now if I can only find an Audubon Society meeting so I can wear my new logger t-shirt: "I Love Spotted Owls. Fried."

OIL With the U.S. government prepared to go to war over oil, one would think that the environmental stranglehold on domestic energy production might be questioned. In fact, it has been made tighter, with millions more acres, off-shore and within the U.S. forever barred—or so the environmentalists hope—from energy production for humans.

The Arctic National Wildlife Reserve is full of oil, perhaps eight to nine billion barrels worth—even more than Prudoe Bay, points out columnist Stan Evans. So full of oil is this government wildlife reserve that oil seeps out of the ground and into the water, for some reason causing no media hysteria at the "desecration" involved. Yet this mammoth resource has been locked up by the feds through environmentalist pressure.

Production off the California, North and South Carolina, and Florida coasts is also banned, although there is probably 30 billion barrels there.

Through a coalition of rich people in places like Santa Barbara who don't want their free views disturbed by a distant drilling platform, and environmentalists who feel drilling contaminates Mother Earth, and might injure a seagull, the American people have been made poorer.

All federal lands should be privatized, but so long as they are government owned, they should at least be opened to productive human use, including oil production, coal and other forms of mining, and tree harvesting.

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Animal Lovers and People Haters

One of the fastest growing and most radical parts of the environmental movement is the animal rightists. They too worship nature, but make a cult out of animals whom they equate with human beings, and in fact place above us.

BABY SEALS About ten years ago, we were subjected to a barrage of photos and news stories about big-eyed seal pups hunted for their fur. Greenpeace stirred a worldwide propaganda campaign, and the European Community and others banned the import of the pelts.

This not only wiped out the livelihood of the natives who hunted the seals, but it harmed the fishing industry. With no hunting to keep the seal population under control, the animals are devouring increasingly scarce fish and damaging nets.

Some bureaucrats are proposing a government seal hunt (no private hunters, of course), but the environmentalists have prevented it. Meanwhile, stocks of cod and other fish continue to drop. Do the environmentalists care? We "shouldn't eat anything with a face," one told me.

FLIPPED OUT One environmentalists' Victim of the Month was the dolphin. Some of the animals were caught inadvertently by tuna fishermen, but Flipper reruns on TV must have convinced millions of Americans that dolphins are intelligent, so the environmentalists were able to persuade them to spear the tuna industry.

Santa Barbara, California, has now declared a Dolphin Awareness Day; school children all across America engaged in letter-writing campaigns (those who still could, despite the government schools); and San Francisco kids were denounced if they brought tuna sandwiches to school.

The Audubon Society, the Humane Society, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Greenpeace, People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals (PETA), and a host of similar organizations wanted an end, in effect, to the organized American tuna industry, and they may get it.

Most of the species that have existed since the creation are now extinct through normal processes. Why not allow this to continue?

The Marine Mammal Protection Act, passed by Congress and signed by President Reagan in 1981, imposed convoluted regulations on the industry in the name of saving dolphins. But that's not good enough, says Congresswoman Barbara Boxer (D-CA): dolphins "have creative centers larger than humans." Or at least larger than members of Congress. So new federal restrictions are needed.

Even before the politicians could act, however, Greenpeace and other environmental groups pressured the four major tuna companies to stop using fish caught by nets because an occasional dolphin might be caught. The livelihood of American tuna fishermen, with the life savings of whole families invested in expensive boats and equipment, was, of course, irrelevant. The companies will now only buy tuna from the western Pacific, where there are no dolphins, and no American fishermen.

The environmentalists admit, be it noted, that they also cherish the life of the tuna, and want it also protected from fishermen, but they will have to wait. Charlie hasn't had his own TV show yet.

EXTINCTION From the snail darter to the furbish lousewort, every existing animal and plant species must be kept in existence by the government—claim the environmentalists—even if human rights are violated. But why?

Most of the species that have existed since the creation,from trilobites to dinosaurs, are now extinct through normal processes. Why not allow this to continue?

If, for scientific or entertainment purposes, some people want to preserve this species or that on their own land and at their own expense, great. Zoos and universities do this already. But the rest of us should not be taxed and regulated, and have our property rights wiped out, to save every weed and bug. The only environmental impact that counts is that on humans.

FUR In Aspen, Colorado, voters defeated a proposed ban on fur

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sales, but in most places it is the furaphobes who make themselves felt, especially since they are willing to use almost any tactic.

They spray paint women in fur coats, slash coats with razors, and burn down fur stores. Last year, they put incendiary bombs in the fur-selling areas of department stores all over the San Francisco Bay area. Police suspect the Animal Liberation Front (ALF), which has been charged with using identical devices elsewhere. But such is the environmentalist influence in the media that there was little publicity.

ALF, which the California attorney general calls a terrorist organization, admits it seeks "to inflict economic damage on animal torturers," from fur sellers to medical researchers.

MEDICAL RESEARCH A physician researching Sudden Infant Death Syndrome, Dr. John Orem, "conducted ground breaking—and painless—research on cats," notes Katie McCabe in *The Washingtonian*, "until his lab was trashed by the Animal Liberation Front." Children may die as a result, but ALF says: so what? Anything is justified to stop the use of animals.

Congress listens respectfully to animal-rights lobbyists, and has passed legislation making medical research more expensive. One amendment from then-Sen. John Melcher (D-MT) requires researchers to protect the "psychological well-being" of monkeys (whom Congressmen must feel close to) at an estimated cost of $1 billion.

This plays, however, directly into the hands of people-killers. Who knows how many cures will go undiscovered because of these restrictions? Thousands of babies have been saved because we know about the Rh factor, which was discovered through the use of rhesus monkeys. But animal rights advocates say it is better that babies die than that monkeys be used to save them.

Even Rep. Bob Dornan (R-CA) has pushed animal-rights legislation that would add billions to medical research costs. Not that he goes all the way with these people. Although named "Legislator of the Year" by the radical PETA, Dornan still "wears leather shoes." Until PETA outlaws them, that is, for the animal rightists see cow leather as no different than human skin.

Eating oysters on the halfshell makes you Charles Manson.

Fred Barnes reports in *The New Republic*—itself pro-animal rights—that the Bush administration has buckled under animal rights pressure (Barbara is rumored to be a supporter) and "strongly opposed" legislation empowering the FBI to investigate terrorist attacks on medical research facilities.

In a cover story on the subject, *New Republic* senior editor Robert Wright says he was converted by the "stubborn logic" of the animal-rights movement, although he—like Dornan—doesn't go all the way. He still believes in "the use of primates in AIDS research."

ANTS AND SWANS The animal rights lobby wants them to outlaw any use of animals in medical research, food, or clothing. There is "no rational basis for saying that a human being has special rights," says Ingrid Newkirk, director of PETA. "The smallest form of life, even an ant or a clam, is equal to a human being."

The "murder of animals," says Alex Pacheco, chairman of PETA, is equivalent to the "murder of men." Eating oysters on the halfshell makes you Charles Manson.

Recently there was an uproar in southern Connecticut. The state's wildlife division had proposed, in the face of an out-of-control swan population, to "shake eggs." The swans—large, heavy, aggressive birds with no natural predators in the area—were attacking children. The swans couldn't, of course, be hunted, so rangers were deputized to rattle fertilized eggs to prevent hatching.

Thousands of residents protested this violation of the swans' rights, many proponents of human abortion among them. If children were injured by the swans, so be it. (Note: This is in the tradition. Rousseau abandoned his five children as "an inconvenience" and animal-rights activists are typically pro-abortion.)

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Let's get serious, says a PETA spokeswoman: "Six million Jews died in concentration camps, but six billion broiler chickens will die this year in slaughter houses."

The Politics of Environmentalism

From FDR to the present, the Democrats have been bad on environmentalism. It played an important part in the New Deal and the Great Society (Lyndon Johnson called himself "the Conservation President"), and any day I expect to see the Democrats designate trees as what Joe Sobran calls an Officially Accredited Minority, with a certain number of seats (plastic, of course) in their national convention.

But environmentalism got its political start under the original liberal Republican: Teddy Roosevelt. As no one who knows Washington will be surprised to learn, there were special interests at work.

When the federal government established the national parks system, and locked up millions of acres, it made other land—held especially by the timber and railroad interests associated with J.P. Morgan, Roosevelt's mentor—much more valuable. Some of these interests were the funders of the original conservation lobbying organization.

Unfortunately, Richard Nixon continued this tradition when he established—by executive order—the Environmental Protection Agency. Not surprisingly, the EPA's budget has been dominated by sewage-treatment and other construction contracts for well-connected big businessmen. But small and medium businesses, and the American consumer, have suffered from its endless regulations.

And now the EPA is to be elevated by President Bush—the "Environment President"—into a cabinet department.

President Bush has also proposed a New Deal-style $2 billion program to plant a billion saplings, none of them members of Congress.

President Bush wants to plant a billion saplings, none of them members of Congress.

Are we short of trees? No, but the president is "genuinely fond of trees," says a White House aide. And although no one thinks it will "cure the Greenhouse effect," it's "symbolic of his commitment to the environment." America's foresters, farmers, landowners, and homeowners don't know the proper number of trees, but Washington, D.C., does.

World Government and the Environment

Some problems, like alleged global warming, are so enormous, say the environmentalists, that only world government can solve them. And the one-world-types who infest the national Democrats and the resurgent Rockefeller wing of the Republican Party are glad to comply.

Right now, the State Department and the EPA are negotiating a plan, based on the new Clean Air Act, to issue pollution permits world wide. Third World countries would get "excess" permits, which they could then sell to Western companies, bringing about another transfer of wealth from the West to the Third World, which will undoubtedly be used to pay back the big bank loans of Third World governments.

Establishmentarian Elliot L. Richardson, writing in *The New York Times*, says that "nothing will be done" environmentally "without an institutional mechanism to develop, institute, and enforce regulations across national boundaries."

To build "a global Environmental Protection Agency," perhaps run like "the United Nations General Assembly," that could levy taxes and impose controls to make sure there is "equitable burden sharing," the U.S. government must lead the way in the "interest of the entire world community."

Ever since Woodrow Wilson, liberals have been infected with the idea of world government. With the melding of the European Community and the coming establishment of its tax authority and central bank, the Trilateralist ideal has come closer.

The Economics of Environmentalism

Once we reject utopianism, and realize that—for example—

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eight million people can't live in Los Angeles and have air like rural Colorado's—we can set about solving real environmental problems through the only possible mechanism: private property and the price system.

When the price system functions freely, it brings supply and demand into rough equality, ensuring that resources are put to their most-valued uses. To the extent that government meddles with prices, it ensures waste, hampers entrepreneurship, and makes people poorer.

If coffee—for whatever reason—becomes scarcer, its price goes up, which tells consumers to drink less. If more coffee comes on the market, its price goes down, telling consumers they can drink more. Prices thus constitute a system of resource conservation.

But environmentalist pretend, like Soviet central planners, to know economic values without prices.

But environmentalists pretend—like Soviet central planners—to know economic values without prices. They claim we are "running out" of everything, and thus we need government controls on consumption. But if we really were running out of, say, oil, its price would skyrocket, telling consumers to use less and entrepreneurs to seek substitutes.

Neither do the voluntary ecorestrictions work as intended. The environmentalists are forever telling us to be poorer and use less water, less gasoline, less toilet paper, etc. But if they reduce their consumption, it lowers the price for the rest of us, and we can use more. (P.S.: Don't pass this on to the environmentalists; it's the one favor they do the rest of us.)

When anything is commonly owned—like air and water—we see all the bad effects of socialism. People abuse the resource because they do not have to bear the price.

To solve this problem, anyone who is personally harmed, or his business damaged, by air pollution ought to be able to sue to stop it, and receive damages. But the federal government intervened in this common-law process in the 19th century to favor special interests, making it impossible, to take a real example, for a farmer to sue a railroad whose spark emissions burned down his orchard.

The federal government also nationalized the coasts and waterways specifically to smooth the way for industrial special interests.

If, as is the case with many waterways in England and other countries, people had property rights in the streams and rivers running through their land, they could prevent pollution just as they prevent trash dumping in their front yard. And if fishermen and homeowners held property rights in the coasts and adjacent waters, they could prevent pollution and properly allocate fishing rights.

The recent hysteria over African elephant tusks was another problem of property rights. If people were allowed to raise elephants and sell their tusks—as even the Zimbabwean government pointed out—there would be no more and no fewer elephant tusks than there should be. The same principle applies to all other resources. If left in common ownership, there will be misuse. If put in private hands, we will have the right amount: supply will meet demand.

An example of market conservation was the Cayman Turtle Farm in the British West Indies. The green sea turtle was considered endangered, thanks to over harvesting due to common ownership. The Farm was able to hatch eggs and bring the hatchlings to maturity at a far higher rate than in nature. Its stock grew to 80,000 green turtles.

But the environmentalists hated the Cayman Turtle Farm, since in their view it is morally wrong to profit from wildlife. The Farm was driven out of business and the green turtle is again on the endangered species list.

GREENOMICS Greens—like all liberals—justify government intervention because of what economists call "public goods" and "externalities."

A "public good" is supposed to be something we all want, but can't get, unless government provides it. Environmentalists claim everyone wants national parks, but the market won't provide them, so the government

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must. But how can we know, independent of the market, that everyone does want these expensive parks? Or how many parks of what sort?

We could take a survey, but that doesn't tell us the intensity of economic demand. More important, it is not enough to know that people want, for example, diamonds. That means something economically only if they are willing to give up other things to obtain them.

If we realize that only the market can give us economic information, the alleged problem of public goods disappears.

Amazingly, liberal economists have never developed a way to identify these so-called public goods, so—objective scientists that they are—they use intuition. Paul Samuelson's favorite example was the lighthouse, until Ronald Coase demonstrated that private entrepreneurs had provided lighthouses for centuries.

If we realize that only the market can give us economic information, the alleged problem of public goods disappears. Absent government prohibitions and subsidies, or competition from "free" parks, the market will ensure that we have exactly the number and type of parks that the American people want, and are willing to pay for. Moreover, if we sell all the national parks, we can pay off the federal debt.

An "externality" is a side-effect. Your neighbors' attractive new landscaping is a positive externality; their barking dog is a negative one. One is a blessing, the other an irritant, but you voluntarily purchase neither.

Environmentalists say, for example, that trash is a negative externality of consumerism. So they advocate more regulation and bureaucracy to solve it. Yet the free market solves this much more justly and efficiently through property rights. Privatize everything and the externalities are "internalized," that is, those who ought to bear the costs do. But to environmentalists, human prosperity is itself a negative externality.

How To Think About Environmentalism

Chicken or chicory, elephant or endive, the natural order is valuable only in so far as it serves human needs and purposes. Our very existence is based on our dominion over nature; it was created for that end, and it is to that end that it must be used—through a private-property, free-market order, of course.

The environmental movement is openly anti-human and virulently statist. Is it any coincidence that the Nazis exalted animals, nature, and vegetarianism above humans, civilization, and civilized eating, or that our environmentalists have an air of green goose step about them?

The environmentalists must be opposed—if they will excuse the expression—root and branch. But it will not be easy.

On a recent Saturday morning, I sat down with my nine-year-old daughter to watch a cartoon. The villain, Mr. DeForest, wanted to cut down trees on his property and build a lakeside hotel. He and his employees were thuggish and greedy, whereas the characters who deprived this man of his property rights, and prevented the establishment of a business that would have improved the life of every human in the area, were heroes. The schools and media spread similar propaganda. There is even a "Pledge of Allegiance to the Earth."

Earth Day 1990 was celebrated on April 22nd, which by no coincidence was Lenin's birthday. Rather than joining the earth-worshippers with their missals of *50 Simple Things You Can Do To Save the Earth* and *The Sexual Politics of Meat: A Feminist-Vegetarian Critical Theory*, I took a different tack.

I spritzed some hairspray at the sky (not having enough hair to justify pointing it at me), used up a whole roll of paper towels, turned the refrigerator thermostat down, mixed newspapers with my garbage, filled up my car at an Exxon station, turned on all the lights, and took my daughter to McDonald's for cheeseburgers, since they still had those nice, clean styrofoam containers. Unfortunately, it wasn't cold enough to wear my fur hat. ●

N.B.: An earlier and substantially shorter version of this article appeared in Patrick J. Buchanan's *From the Right*, 2020 Pennsylvania Ave., N.W., Suite 175, Washington, D.C. 20006. $49 a year and highly recommended.

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Good News! Election Roundup

by M.N.R.

It was, all in all, a deeply satisfying national election. Some of the high spots, some of which were not exactly featured in the media:

Exit Two Nasty Neo-Cons

Election Day, or thereabouts, saw the exit of two leading neo-cons, one of my least favorite ideological aggregations. Both are matchless bullies and macho thugs, each being what the English call "a nasty piece of work." Both, too, enjoy pretensions to intellectual eminence (Yuckk!), and are indeed arrogant egomaniacs, each sporting his Ph.D. union card to the House of Learning. Both are statists to the core.

I refer, of course, to Dr. Bill Bennett and Dr. John Silber. Bennett is a cop-type ruffian and blowhard, leaping from one government spot to a higher one, interested only in using these "bully pulpits" to advance his own prospects and to get media attention. Predictably, after milking the bully pulpit of Drug Czar for all it was worth, after talking as tough as they come, and after his act began to fade and actual administrative work stared him in the face, Dr. Bill got out, in a hasty and unseemly fashion. Predictably again, Bennett, faced with a bogged-down and expensive Drug War that is going nowhere fast, adopted the immortal advice of Senator Aiken in the Vietnam War: he declared victory and got the Hell out. He announced that his objectives had been accomplished, contradictorily worried about threats to his family, and then added his own characteristic twist to the Aiken formula: blaming everyone else in sight for his failures, including Congress, Mayor Barry of Washington, D.C., and the media.

The country, alas, is still not rid of Dr. Bennett, who has moved to the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee, from whence he will try to neoconize the GOP and make our lives miserable.

As for Dr. Silber, his loss is one of the true glories of the 1990 election, because if he had won, he would have been a real threat for becoming a neo-con President of the United States. Like all typical neo-cons, Silber is at heart a right-wing Social Democrat, a Hubert Humphrey Democrat (same thing) who takes an ultra-statist line in behalf of Big Government and the Welfare-Warfare State, but objects to the cultural leftism that hit the United States in the post-Humphrey era, an era symbolized by George McGovern and McGovern's constituency.

Silber is a sour, crabbed, irritable little pickle of a man. Like all neo-cons, he is totally devoid of wit or humor.

But am I not charmed by the famous "Silber shockers," in which Silber took potshots at pampered and petted Accredited Victim groups? The answer is No. For one thing, Silber attacked these groups, not out of any sort of libertarian or anti-statist principle or instincts, not out of any sort of opposition to centralized government, but solely out of irritation and dislike. It is clear from any observation of Silber in action that here is a sour, crabbed, irritable little pickle of a man. There is no *joie de vivre* there, no joy in combat, no laughter at the shocked reaction of his enemies. In fact, like all neo-cons, Silber is totally devoid of wit or humor, a solemn *serioso* to the hilt. Not once, at least from what I saw in forays on television, did Silber so much as crack a smile.

Apparently, Silber may have lost the election by snapping irritably at a popular television interviewer who asked him a standard question: "What are your strengths and weaknesses?" Instead of saying a pleasantry or cracking a joke, Silber flared up, apparently indignant that anyone could think he had any weaknesses. Characteristically, he blamed his defeat, not on any possible missteps of his own, but on the voters and on the media, who apparently proved themselves unworthy of his greatness.

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Other issues that helped lose Silber the Massachusetts governorship: his definition of middle-class working wives as "child abusers" for the very fact of working outside the home. I would also like to think that Silber's call for incarcerating every kid above the age of three into the public school system worked against him. But make no mistake: Silber was not against all working mothers, only the middle-class and wealthy. For low-income mothers, Silber called for a vast increase in state-subsidized child care. In addition, of course, he opposed the superb Massachusetts tax rollback initiative (which unfortunately lost), along with any term limitations on legislators.

The anti-tax message of the electorate in November came through loud and clear.

Silber's complaints about the media were typical neo-con whining. A substantial segment of neocon-controlled media helped protect Silber against Victimology backlash, and tried to portray Silber's crabbed demeanor and his lashing of various groups as a righteous indignation by the Last Angry Man. Any genuine conservative would have been pilloried unmercifully for similar remarks.

At any rate, Massachusetts and the rest of us are well rid of Bad Dr. John, who can now return to vent his fury on the hapless academic community of Boston University, which probably deserves its fate.

In all the attention devoted to Silber, the victor, William Weld, has been lost in the shuffle. Weld got a bad rap from conservatives because, as a high official in the Justice Department, he, like many of the rest of us, couldn't take Ed Meese. An amiable and low-key Boston Brahmin, Weld has many libertarian leanings: thus, he actively supported the massive tax-rollback initiative. If he can restore fiscal sanity to Taxachusetts, Weld could be an interesting national candidate for the future.

Anti-Tax

Despite frightened pundits attempting to obfuscate the issue, the anti-tax message of the electorate in November came through loud and clear. No less than ten governors, or their would-be successors, of both parties, were overthrown because the incumbents had raised taxes (in Florida, Kansas, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, New Mexico, Ohio, Oklahoma, and Rhode Island.) In Rhode Island, high-tax Governor Ed DiPrete (Rep.) saw his approval go down to about the point, as one wag put it, where Marie Antoinette was just before she walked to the guillotine. DiPrete was crushed by Democrat business man Bruce Sundlun, getting only 26 percent of the vote. In Oklahoma, high-tax Republican Governor Henry Bellmon was driven from office, and his attempted successor was crushed by a Democrat by 64 to 36 percent. One TV analyst noted that the joke going around Oklahoma and D.C. political circles went as follows: Every day Saddam Hussein goes to his room, faces the mirror, and asks: "Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the most hated of them all?" Every day, he receives the same satisfactory answer. But then one day, Saddam emerges from his room, frowning, and asks his aide: "Who the Hell is Henry Bellmon?"

In New Jersey, as everyone knows, the revered Bill Bradley, who spent from $10 to $12 million in a lackluster campaign, featuring old shots of him playing basketball, was, unbelievably, almost trounced by unknown Christine Whitman, who had only $600,000 to spend. Whitman, given no chance, bravely pounded away on the hated Democrat Governor Jim Florio's whopping, draconian tax rise that ignited the New Jersey masses against him soon after he had swept into office. She also effectively chided Bradley, the alleged tax expert who helped bring us the odious Tax Reform Act of 1986, for refusing to mention Florio or taxes in his campaign, as well as being quiet as a mouse throughout the fall Congressional budget-tax extravaganza. Bradley has, happily, been effectively knocked out of the box for 1992.

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Mario Cuomo, however, though almost as effectively repudiated, winning against an incredible turkey and buffoon with only 53 percent of the vote, is having his political hide saved by his adoring fans in the left-liberal media. The pundits simply dismiss this repudiation as irrelevant to Mario's standing for the 1992 race. But clearly the vote was a blast by the New York electorate against the high-tax, high-spending, and soft-on-crime policies of this epitome of Northern left-liberalism.

The media are also studiously ignoring the fact that, despite the loss of Massachusetts, a large number of tax-and-spend initiatives lost this November. No less than 22 propositions in California that would have meant higher taxes or more government spending went down to defeat. This included the infamous Big Green, in addition to other environmentalist defeats in California and other states. This should give heart to us anti-environmentalists; it also shows that if business works up the guts to finance its own interests and drops its craven fear of the environmentalist lobby, it can win the battle for less government, more economic freedom, and for the rights and prosperity of human beings as against the rest of Earth's entities—animal, vegetable, and mineral. If Big Green can lose in flaky, nature-worshipping California, it and its nefarious cousins can lose anywhere.

Haynes Johnson and other odious left-liberal pundits have tried to put the spin on the results that the election was "mixed" on taxes, because of (a) the Massachusetts loss, and (b) because in Illinois Jim Edgar, defending the record of outgoing high-tax "Rockefeller Republican" Big Jim Thompson, defeated Attorney General Neil Hartigan, who made a strong issue of the Republican high tax. But this is the *only* state where one could say that high taxes won a gubernatorial race. And when we realize that Edgar squeaked by with only 52 percent of the vote, the defeat scarcely seems crucial.

Term Limitation

Severe term-limitations on state legislators won in Colorado and, more importantly, in California. Here is a mighty populist movement whose time has come. Not only that: the California masses were smart enough to vote *down* sellout Prop 131 (which imposed very mild limitations, plus providing public financing for candidates) by a whopping 62 to 38 percent, and approving by 52 to 48 percent, the magnificent Prop 140, which imposed severe term limitations, in addition to stripping state legislators of many of their perks, support staff, and pensions (Whoopee!). The fact that the bitter California legislature, headed by slick Democrat politico, Speaker Willie Brown, may find a legal way around this proposition is not as important as the fact of the victory and the mass movement it portends.

Here is an important litmus test of whether someone prefers democracy, or limitation on government. Democrats (with a small d) complain that term-limitation prevents the public from exercising their democratic "right" to choose a representative for more than X terms. That's right, buddy, and tough patootie. Democracy is only a process, a means of selecting rulers; it is only instrumental, and not a good in itself. What *is* such a good is setting severe limitations, the more the better, on the scope and powers of government over the people. Term limitation is an excellent method of throwing-the-rascals-out, and of preventing incumbents from building up an extensive and powerful machine to keep them and their buddies and allies in office indefinitely.

We forget that what we can loosely call "Jeffersonian democracy" was precisely devoted to finding ways of limiting government. One of these Jeffersonian principles was rotation-in-office, which meant compulsory rotation, so that incumbent machines could not be established. Our earliest state governments, after 1776, had numerous provisions preventing state legislators from being elected in more than, say, four years out of every seven. (Another early classical liberal policy was annual elections, elections frequent enough to provide continuing voters' choices, and repeated opportunities to throw the bums out.) In other words, older democracy as an instrument of limiting State rulers and State rule, in contrast to modern democracy which is a method of maximizing such rule.

How about working on Congress next?

Third Parties

Two new third parties have achieved stunning victories in this election. (No, I don't mean the Libertarian Party which, as usual,

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is nowhere.) One is the Connecticut Party, admittedly a personal creature of new governor Lowell Weicker, who edged out Republican John Rowland, while the incumbent Democrats were left in the dust with only 20 percent of the vote.

Former Senator Weicker is, or rather was, a liberal Republican, and I generally despise this breed. So why am I at least moderately happy at Weicker's election? Three reasons: (1) I still have a fondness *per se* for third parties, and their potential to break up the DemoRep monopoly, a monopoly which shamefully colluded this year to agree not to support any candidate who used the bipartisan Congressional pay raise issue against any incumbents; (2) Weicker admittedly is a big gasbag, but I find big gasbags oddly likable; (3) And most important, the driving of Weicker out of public life has long been the favorite personal crusade of Bill Buckley, the Duke of Sharon, and the would-be absolute ruler of the conservative movement. Buckley and his numerous kinsmen succeeded in replacing Weicker in 1988 by the pro-war left-liberal Joe Lieberman, who is about twenty steps below Weicker in my personal esteem. But now Weicker is back, bigger than ever, and Buckley's got him, like it or not. In short, in the grand Old American political tradition, I love Weicker for the enemies he has made.

The libertarian Alaska Independence Party stands for independence for Alaska, and secession from the swollen American Union! Hooray!

But even more interesting than Weicker is the victory of the independent candidate for governor of Alaska, former Secretary of the Interior Wally Hickel. The Alaska election featured the liberal heir to outgoing Democrat Governor Steve Cowper versus twin liberal Republican Arliss Sturgulewski. In this loaded situation, Hickel, a libertarian-inclined politico who favors free markets, low taxes, and unlocking Alaska's sequestered federal land for private economic development, decided to enter the race on a third line. Taking his message to a sympathetic, entrepreneurially-minded Alaskan electorate, Hickel did what the once-mighty and now virtually defunct Alaska Libertarian Party tried to do: he won the race for Governor on a third line. Hickel, garnering 38 percent of the total vote, was eight points ahead of runner-up Sturgulewski.

The most fascinating aspect of the Alaska race, however, has been totally overlooked by the media, who imply that Hickel ran as an Independent. Strictly speaking, that's not true. There *is* a third *party* on the ballot in Alaska, and, once again, it's not the Libertarians: it's the Alaska Independence Party. The AIP has chosen a gubernatorial slate, but when Hickel told them he wanted to run, the AIP nominee was happy to resign and give their line to Wally.

So what we have is an AIP victory, even though Hickel has admittedly not committed himself to its full platform. The platform includes free markets, low taxes, and economic development, but it also adds something else: independence for Alaska, and secession from the swollen American Union! Hooray! Once again, the flag of secession has been raised, and has achieved success, for the first time since the Southern secessionists were crushed and slaughtered on the altar of the sacred Union in the lost War for Southern Independence. Alaska is far from the mainland, which they call "the lower 48," and almost all of their land is locked up and out of human use by the federal government. Let's hear it for the Tundra Rebellion! Will Wally Hickel be the first President of the Alaskan Republic?

Let's put it this way: if the former serfs of the Soviet Union, including the Russian Republic, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, the Ukraine, Georgia, Moldova (formerly Moldavia), Armenia, Azerbaijan, the Gagauz, the Dniester Republic, and on and on, can yearn for, declare, and battle for secession, sovereignty, and independence, why not Alaska? Free Alaska, and all political prisoners!

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Ole Jesse

The most dramatic and intriguing race of the election was the latest and most intensive attempt by organized left-liberalism to unseat their most hated foe, Mr. Conservative, Senator Jesse Helms of North Carolina. The Helms race provides a clear-cut and convenient litmus test to distinguish and separate the hardy band of paleo-libertarians from the large majority of left-nihilos. I have not taken a scientific poll (if *any* political poll, these days, deserves such a label), but I would bet the farm that at least 95 percent of the nation's libertarians (in and out of the LP) were cheering for leftist Harvey Gantt and sputtered with fury at the Helms triumph.

Why is that, do you think? If you run down the issues, there is *not one* on which *any* libertarian, paleo or nihilo, would agree with statist Harvey Gantt. Go down a checklist of issues, and Ole Jesse is libertarian on the vast majority of issues, and on the few remaining he is no worse than Gantt. During the Cold War I was not a fan of Jesse's, not because he was virtually running his own Foreign Office (*that's* admirable) but because he was the No. 1 warmonger in Congress. Now that the Cold War is over, however, that issue is gone, and all libertarians should be happy to bask in admiration for Helms' mainly libertarian record, his leading position as opponent of malignant left-liberalism, and his defense of Southern values and culture from invading Northern left-carpetbaggers.

Litmus test: left-libertarians hate Jesse Helms; paleo-libertarians love him.

I am *not* saying, of course, that Jesse is a 100 percent libertarian; and why should he be? He of course favors tobacco subsidies, and that's unfortunate, but which North Carolinian does not? And he is far too pro-Israel for my taste, but equally so is Harvey Gantt. But he is magnificently sound on affirmative action, where all libertarians, paleo and nihilo, are *supposed* to agree with him. So why the anti-Helms hysteria among most libertarians? Is it the growing *Kulturkampf*, on which left-nihilos side squarely with the Gantts of this world and are implacably hostile to the Helmses?

At any rate, for paleo-libertarians, it was delightful to sit back and admire the tactical brilliance of the Helms campaign. The polls, once again deluded by the reluctance of numerous white voters to admit—to putatively left-liberal college-educated pollsters—that they are not going to vote for a black candidate put Gantt comfortably ahead. One white store owner in a small town in North Carolina was visited by a reporter because he had a Gantt poster prominently displayed in his store-front. "Nah, I'm not voting for Gantt. I put the poster up because most of my customers are *them*. I'm votin' for Ole Jesse." The liberal media, fanatically anti-Helms, exulted that, for once, and in contrast to the race in 1984 of

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Governor Jim Hunt against Jesse, Gantt was winning as a frank and candid left-liberal, and that Jesse was oddly allowing Gantt to put him on the defensive by stressing "economic issues." Translated, that meant that Gantt was taking the usual leftist, Marxoid slant, denouncing Helms for being "opposed" to education, housing, the environment, and all the rest because he was against voting to spend taxpayer funds on these causes. Wasn't Jesse old, played out, on the ropes at last?

And then came the magnificent last-week blitz, with one of the most effective TV commercials I have seen in many years, showing a white worker being denied a job because, although qualified, he had to lose out to a "minority" candidate. The worker's hand crumpled the paper into a fist. Affirmative action! Teddy Kennedy! Ole Jesse had come up with his powerful theme, and, pulling out all the stops, he rode to a fairly comfortable, not neck-and-neck as the pollsters then claimed, victory by 100,000 votes, a margin of 52.5 to 47.5 percent. While Jesse roused the people, the desperate Gantt forces turned to *their* rally, the left-liberal judiciary, changing the rules of the game at the last minute by getting the courts to keep the polls open till late in the evening in the liberal metropolises of Charlotte and Durham, trying their best to squeeze out every liberal voter for the Great Cause.

But it would not be enough. To the despair of everyone from media pundits to North Carolinian political science professors, Ole Jesse again was home free. During the week, I had seen Helms on TV, rousing his troops against the liberal Enemy, delighting in the joy of combat. When he denounced his ancient liberal foe, when he attacked Accredited Victim groups, he was very different from the mean and acerbic Silber. You could see him joyful, delighting in the fury that his every word would generate in his enemies. And now here he was, Ole Jesse in his moment of triumph, surrounded by cheering fans, grinning from ear to ear as he took the mike: "Ah've just come," Jesse intoned, "from watching the grievin' face of Dan Rather...." Once again, Jesse had said it all.

The Franks Victory

Also heartwarming, and in the long run perhaps as significant, was the defeat of leftist ex-Congressman Toby Moffett in liberal Connecticut by real estate millionaire Gary Franks, the first black Republican Congressman since Reconstruction. Franks, who came from poor, hardworking black parents, all of whose children went to college and became successful businessmen and professionals, rose to success in real estate. Franks is not only a Republican, but a conservative, free-market, low-tax man who opposes affirmative action, and who cheered President Bush's veto of the "civil rights" bill. In an era when the raging and escalating problems of street crime, welfare, and government privileging through set-asides and affirmative action, threaten to lead toward a terrible race war, the emergence into political leadership of black conservatives—of men like Franks, William B. Allen (former head of the Civil Rights Commission), and the late Clarence Pendleton, bring us hope for the future.•

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